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THE FRENCH ELECTIONS.

THE French Government have talked so much about the affection of France for the Emperor, and drawn so largely on it, that they have killed their golden goose. M. Persigny has exhausted the supply of Parisian loyalty for the present, and must be content to subside into the ludicrous position of a Minister who has exposed himself and his sovereign to a civic snubbing. The success of the Opposition candidates throughout the length and breadth of the capital will be a most useful lesson to him and his successors in office not to bore their countrymen. M. Thiers would probably never have been returned were it not for official efforts to exclude him; for M. Thiers is neither politically nor personally popular. But when it came to being egged on, and pushed, and nudged, and kept up at heel by M. Persigny, Paris could not stand it any longer. It was quite insupportable to the electors to have the Minister of the Interior, and all the Prefects, and all the Mayors, and all the Police setting up a chorus of loyal directions about the way in which every Frenchman who loved his country was to vote. To have the *Constitutionnel* actually thrust for nothing under their doorsteps, crammed surreptitiously into their pockets, and flung into their *fiacres* in the Bois de Boulogne, was nauseous and insulting. So perpetual a fuss about the Emperor's virtues excited the most sacred instincts of the French nature. They resolved to show that Paris was not the Provinces, and that they were not going to be driven up to the poll like peasants by M. Persigny and the Prefect of the Seine. M. Thiers has accordingly been returned by a respectable, and the other Opposition candidates of the capital, by an overwhelming majority. In Japan, the moment would now have arrived for M. Persigny to put in practice the august institution of the Happy Despatch. Even in France it is felt that his retirement is to be expected. The Paris world are preparing to bid him God speed on his way to St. Petersburg. It is quite clear that he has made himself ridiculous, and the Minister who makes himself ridiculous in the eyes of Paris, makes his position there untenable.

This serious and severe lesson will not be thrown away upon so wise a man as the French Emperor. It is not now a question of a revolution or of a return to the barricades; and the soberer of the French know very well that any attempt to cabal against the reigning dynasty at present would be a failure and a mistake. But the Emperor will see now that a high-spirited city like Paris is not to be overridden by a rather domineering and anxious Imperialist such as M. Persigny has shown himself. The Parisians do not desire, by any means, to return to the days of Orleanism, far less to the days of the last Republic. But they have no

fancy for being continually lectured and tutored about how they are to feel towards the Napoleons; and how they are bound to show their gratitude to the Emperor for deigning to reign over them. They want to be left alone and not to be worried by every excitable official who chooses to inflict his pompous views about Imperialism on them. The bow too long bent will break, and by a long course of aggravation M. Persigny has succeeded at last in getting the French Eagle—which for some years has been the most quiet and domestic of birds—to peck at his finger. He has only to thank himself. If he had left well alone, very possibly fewer of the Opposition would have been elected. At all events, they would not have been elected with startling *éclat* in the teeth of a persistent, notorious, and unscrupulous antagonism on the part of every Government officer. His imprudence has converted into a political disaster what otherwise might have been passed off as an electioneering mishap.

In the provinces and in most of the large central towns the Government candidates have met with that success which the French electoral system quietly ensured them. But feverish Lyons returns again M. Hénon one of the celebrated minority of five; Lille and Nantes each contribute an opposition member; and Marseilles has elected both M. Marie and M. Berryer, a result which, taken in conjunction with the Paris returns, is of the greatest possible significance. Upon the whole, out of nearly 270 seats, the Imperialist nominees have obtained all but about twenty-one or twenty-two. The little band of five will thus find their numbers quadrupled at least, and the effect upon the discussions in the Corps Législatif may be considerable, though the division list will as heretofore be in the hands of the Emperor's Ministers. The defeat, however, of the Ministerial party in Paris cannot but produce upon the country at large a greater impression than even their success in the departments. It is the first check to the good fortune of Napoleon III. Next to the Imperialists, the clerical party have suffered most in the elections. They seem to have fallen between two stools, and to have had neither the support of the Government nor that of the Liberal party. The seven Bishops who came forward to preach on the occasion to their fellow-countrymen have taken very little by their political demonstration, except a bitter and insolent rebuke from the pen of M. Rouland, the Minister of Public Instruction. As was to be expected, the bourgeoisie in Paris are said to have supported the Emperor; while the strength of the Opposition has lain among the working classes and the smaller tradesmen. The truth is that the Republican party musters strong among these two classes, which are indeed the most susceptible to the excitement of an election. Yet too much importance must not be attached

to the line they have taken. The population of Paris are generally in opposition, whatever government is in power, and the severity of M. Persigny's régime is most felt in the French capital itself. There have been on the present occasion no violent demonstrations; and, if the truth could be accurately discerned, it would probably be shown that the slap in the face which Paris has bestowed on the administration is meant rather for the Minister than for the Emperor himself. The best way to meet it is to treat it as nothing more. The dismissal of M. Persigny would be the most politic step that could be taken under all the circumstances; yet it is conceivable that Napoleon III. may be reluctant to inflict pain upon a tried and faithful follower, whose fault has been merely that of over-zeal. But the repressive system has been obviously carried too far by the present Cabinet. In dealing his blows right and left at the press and public writers, M. Persigny has forgotten that a careful autocrat will not be perpetually reminding the population of a gay and spirited metropolis that they are no longer free. The only possible excuse by which the Emperor can justify to France the fetters which he imposes upon free discussion is, that public safety must, above all things, be secured. But to convert the press laws into an ingenious instrument for torturing M. Persigny's antagonists wherever they are to be found, is a policy—as Napoleon III. will now have learnt—both irritating and feeble. The best criticism upon the past elections has been uttered by the journal of M. La Guéronnière. "They are symptoms of public opinion," says *La France*, "which challenge the most serious attention of the throne—nothing more, nothing less."

The immediate effect of the movement of the last ten days will be, perhaps, to put an end to an excessive dictatorship over the newspapers, which the devotion of the Emperor's servants has turned into a means of unnecessary tyranny. As far as it is possible to judge so variable a nation as the French, they really seem to have had no further object than this in view. Imperialism suits them at present in many ways; and all that many of the voters wanted who carried the Opposition candidates in the Paris arrondissements was to give the Emperor's Ministers a thoroughly wholesome lesson. It is doubtless an advantage to the country to have an able, though small, Parliamentary opposition in the Corps Législatif which will not be afraid of criticising the Emperor's finance, or of showing up the miserable jobs of which half the Prefects in France are guilty every day. So far France profits by the late elections. On the other hand, it may well be a question whether the Emperor's dynasty has not gained something too. The "ancient parties," for the first time for twelve years, are now broken up. Their leaders have abandoned their attitude of opposition to the Emperor's person, and one and all have taken the oath imposed by the law of February, 1858, upon those who propose to offer themselves for election to the Legislative Assembly:—

"Je jure obéissance à la Constitution, et fidélité à l'Empereur."

M. Thiers, M. Montalembert, M. Barrot, M. Berryer, and M. Dufaure, have all taken the unpleasant pill, and they will now be bound as men of honour to keep their word, whether they have been elected or not. It is clear, that while the country gains by having men of this position brought into contact with political affairs, it does so at the expense of their personal and individual prestige. M. Thiers was somebody while he remained aloof and maintained a proud attitude of disdain towards all the Imperial institutions—towards the Emperor's *parvenu* Senate, and his Assembly of flatterers, and his stock-jobbing Ministers. This personal dignity M. Thiers loses when he becomes one of the Emperor's faithful Deputies, and sits under the tinkle of M. de Morny's bell. The case of M. Jules Favre and M. Emile Ollivier is different. They are young men, and sacrifice nothing by condescending to win their spurs as a Liberal minority in a House of Imperialists. Men who have had a grand career in other times stand on a separate footing. In entering public life once more under the imposed conditions, M. Berryer and M. Thiers dock themselves of the splendid Parliamentary halo which marked them out as heroes of the old régime. Henceforward they cannot stand aside in proud seclusion from the world, and protest to Europe against the régime of the day. A personal wrangle with M. de Morny, and the other creatures of the Empire who sit about him, will reduce

M. Thiers for the time being to the level of a commonplace person in the eyes of France. Hitherto there has been an air of ruined and lonely grandeur about him and his friends which gave them an imposing influence on public opinion. The ancient ruins will not acquire lustre by being repaired and tricked out for modern use. Doubtless the great Orleanists and Legitimists, who have been as yet indignant spectators only of the wrongs of constitutionalism, are aware of the sacrifice they are making; and it is a proof of their patriotism, that they are willing to offer up to the liberties of France the best and most precious treasure left them under the Empire—that of their ancient pride.

THE CHURCH BURIAL SERVICE.

THERE are no occasions in life when the relations between a clergyman and the members of his flock should be of a more cordial and sympathetic as well as truthful kind, than those on which the rod of affliction hangs heavily over a family which has been deprived of one of its members, and all the tender and happy associations of the past rise up in vivid reality in the memories of the mourners. Never is the mind more unfitted than in these hours of sorrow for listening to the voice of reason, or the evidence of stern facts. And, therefore, a question or a doubt suggested as to the character and hopes of the departed, grates heavily on the mind, and is felt to be a violation of good taste and Christian sympathy, if not a positive affront. On other occasions the stern rebuke, the open declaration of truth, and the assertion of personal rights, may be insisted on. But when we assemble round the grave to pay the last honours to a departed friend or neighbour, the habits of society in our day require that we should, as far as possible, act up to the principle of *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

These remarks are suggested to us by the debate on Monday last in the House of Lords, on Lord Ebury's motion for an address to her Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission to consider the Burial Service of the Church, with a view to its amendment. Serious difficulties have been felt, so far back even as the times of the early Non-conformists, as to certain expressions in that service, and these difficulties have certainly not been diminished in our own days. They were stated by Lord Ebury, in the speech by which he introduced his motion, with such lucid and convincing argument as seemed to leave nothing more to be desired. Never was an assembly more unanimous. All, both bishops and lay peers, agreed in pronouncing an opinion favourable to reforming this service—some of the right reverend Bench even with a zeal beyond bounds—and the only question which remained was as to how a judicious change could be effected. This was the chief difficulty.

The manner in which Lord Ebury has introduced this subject deserves the highest praise, and he is certainly entitled to the sincere thanks of all persons anxious for the welfare of the Established Church. For the present his motion is withdrawn; but his object has not been frustrated. It has only been withdrawn under a pledge from the House that the subject will be taken into serious consideration by the Bishops, with a view to immediate action. And should it happen, by the time another year has rolled away, that no definite or satisfactory proposal is made by the Episcopal Bench, or Houses of Convocation, then every shadow of objection to issuing a Royal Commission will be removed; and there will be no course open to the Lords but to address her Majesty to appoint such Commissioners. The main difficulty has been removed by the debate on Monday; and we may hope that now a short time will bear the fruit of the judicious reform which Lord Ebury has so earnestly contended for. His tactics have been those of a good general. Foiled in his attempt in 1860 to reform the Liturgy by a general assault on its objectionable parts, when one questionable expression could shelter itself under the wing of another, he has on this occasion taken his adversary in detail, put each opponent on his own merits, and selected, for getting in the sharp end of the reform wedge, one of the weakest points in our generally so unexceptionable Liturgy.

But will much good come of the Episcopal deliberations or the action of Convocation in the matter? It is very doubtful, and it is doubtful also if either of these be a proper way of proceeding. On this point we have the fact stated by Lord Ebury, that from the time of the Reformation, on every question which affected the Book of Common Prayer,

all legislative action had been preceded by a Royal Commission, and the opinion of Earl Grey inclines to the same side:—"I see no mode of dealing with the question so little objectionable as a Royal Commission. Considering the composition and nature of Convocation, I do not think that the discussion of the question by that body would lead to a settlement of the question satisfactory to the country." And as to the Bench of Bishops, his objection is equally strong:—"It would be giving the power to the Crown to confer on the Bench of Bishops a *corporate* existence apart from Convocation." To these objections may be added the consideration, that whatever may emanate hereafter from the Bishops, as such, can be nothing more than the opinion of a certain number of individuals. And, though from their position it will carry much weight, and be entitled to respectful consideration, it can, at best, amount to no more than a suggestion, on which some action of the Lords must be taken, either towards a Royal Commission or direct legislation. It is clear, then, that a Commission, or something equivalent, must come in the end; and though it may be well that we should have the opinions of the Bishops, as a first step, it is to Royal action we must in the end look.

But it is well that we should turn to the subject itself, and examine its main features. It will be apparent to any one who will take the trouble of examining the latter part of the Burial Service—that at the grave—it was intended only for persons who had died as Christians, in hope of eternal life. There can be no trifling with the word "hope" allowed here; for the whole service breathes such hope both in the spirit and letter. God is heartily thanked because it has pleased him "to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," in a prayer which commences by addressing Him as the "God with whom do dwell the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity." Is it not clearly implied here that the departed brother is gone to heaven? Why, if it were otherwise, should we praise God for delivering him from the miseries of this world? Why, if he were taken from one scene of miseries to enter on far greater, should we do so? The "heartly thanks" clearly imply that, being removed from sorrow here below, he is in peace and joy above. And the form of words with which the body is put into the grave points to the same conclusion. Why say, "it has pleased Almighty God in his mercy to take unto himself the soul," &c., and that "we commit the body to the ground in sure and certain hope of everlasting life," if it were not intended that the burial should be that of a Christian who had died in hope? The same remarks apply to the remaining parts of the service, which the Rubric at the commencement directs should not be used for any that die "unbaptized or excommunicate, or have laid violent hands upon themselves."

Nothing then can be plainer than that this service was intended for the burial only of those who died at least in some reasonable degree of hope of salvation. Here, then, is the difficulty: how is this service to be used in an age when custom requires that every one, however godless he be, shall be buried with some religious service? and how are the causes of offence and scandal, which will occur now and then in the cases of reprobate sinners, to be avoided? In the ancient Church this was easy enough; and reprobate and hardened sinners were cut off from the Church by a system of Church discipline, of which excommunication was a part. No bodies of such persons were presented for Christian burial, and public opinion supported the practice; but in our days public opinion is on the other side. The ancient discipline has gone out of date, become old-fashioned, and fallen to the ground. But the Church Service, which in some respects at least was built on that discipline, is retained without change. The course which the interests of the Church require us to follow ought to be, that as the discipline has changed, so should the service; and that as excommunication is extinct, so should forms of expression be removed from the Burial Service, which would render it inapplicable to the case of a man who had not been excommunicated before death, though he deserved to be so.

But here, then, is the difficulty on the other side. If we are to alter the Burial Service, or even compose any new one, with a view to including all persons, how is it to retain the character of a *Christian* Burial Service? And is there to be no expression at all of hope allowed with respect to those who have departed true Christians? There are many

earnest Christians whose consciences would be sorely hurt at no hope being expressed by the Church, in the most solemn of her services, of the future peace of a brother who had indeed died in Christ. And it does certainly appear unreasonable that they should be deprived of this comfort in order to accommodate scruples and prejudices raised in connection with some of the worst members of society. These are really serious difficulties, and it remains to be seen if the Episcopal Bench can hit on a solution which will satisfy all rival claims. But we don't augur much as to their success. The Most Reverend Primate himself seems to be in a puzzle on the question. He says, on the one hand, that he "could not conceive that any form of Christian burial should be composed which would not contain the expression of a hope that the person had experienced the forgiveness of sins;" and yet, immediately afterwards, he declares that "nothing would induce him to read those words over a person who had died in the open commission of sin, or the open avowal of unbelief." How his Grace can devise a service which will reconcile these two opposite and contradictory state of things, and be applicable to all persons, we cannot see; and the dilemma only tends to confirm us in our opinion that no satisfactory arrangement will be made until action commences from her Majesty the Queen by the issuing of a Royal Commission. To this no objection can be made, except that the subject is too small to occupy the time of a Commission. It may be small, but it is also important; and where all parties are agreed as to the necessity of a change, and the consciences of many of her Majesty's subjects would be relieved thereby of a grievous burden, this objection of smallness cannot for a moment be maintained.

There is only one more view of the question we shall take. It is both interesting and instructive, and yet amusing. We refer to the "momentous declarations," as the Lord Chancellor called them, made by the Primate and the Bishop of London, as to how they should act in the present state of the law. The Primate is ready to submit to any pains and penalties, before he would, in the case of the reprobate and unbeliever, obey the law. It is incumbent on him, if this be his feeling, never to enforce the law against the clergy in his province who should similarly violate it. And he would thus find himself in the same position as that of the Bishop of London, whose remedy for the present anomalous state of things is, that the clergy may violate the law with safety, as they can throw themselves under the ægis of their Bishops; who, as they alone have the power to move law proceedings, will not move. The plan is an ingenious one; but, more than anything else, it shows the necessity of a change, from the false position, as regards the law, in which it places the Episcopal Bench. It can never be satisfactory to the Right Reverend gentlemen themselves, nor can it tend to promote the interests of religion and common respect for it, to see the heads of the Church set the example of violation of her laws to the clergy below. Justly were these called "momentous declarations;" and we venture to hope that this solemn judgment, pronounced by the Lord Chancellor, will hasten the Bishops in their deliberations, and be the means of gratifying the country with an early solution of the difficulty. We cannot see how, without doing so, they can consistently, in one particular at least, pronounce judgment on the Bishop of Natal. They are, on points of truth and doctrine, as far as the poles are asunder from Bishop Colenso; but they touch him here on one point, and that of law. The Colonial Bishop has advised clergymen of his way of thinking to pass over and omit the allusions to Noah's ark in the Baptismal Service in violation of the Act of Uniformity. Is there any difference in advising or encouraging the clergy to omit portions of the Burial Service, which, by the same Act, they are bound to read? In point of law the cases are alike; in everything else dissimilar. Popular feeling and opinion are on the side of the Episcopal Bench. We desire they may remain there; and that the Prelates of the United Church of England and Ireland may not even in the slightest degree become the abettors of an infringement of the law.

THE RUPTURE WITH BRAZIL.

THERE is a good deal of false sentiment abroad on the subject of the wrongs which second-rate sustain from first-rate powers. It is constantly said that the latter are in the habit of acting to their inferiors in a manner in which

they would never think of behaving to their equals. There is no doubt some truth in this; but, on the other hand, the smaller states contrive to extract from their subordinate position, no slight compensation. They often take very unfair advantage of the public opinion by which they are protected, and of the reluctance with which a nation of the highest rank exhibits itself as the antagonist of one unworthy of its arms. They are sadly apt to be litigious about small matters. For want of something more important to occupy their attention, they prolong paltry squabbles by infinite diplomatic debate; and are frequently very difficult to deal with on account of the irritable self-assertion which they mistake for dignity. The competition of the leading nations of Europe for influence at the minor Courts no doubt acts beneficially in preserving the independence of the latter; but, at the same time, it often leads them to seek safety in balancing one rival against another, rather than in doing what is right and just. Moreover, they are not above adapting their policy to the support which they may derive from the domestic dissensions of a powerful State; and although often disappointed in gaining anything from this source, it is a never-failing basis for intrigue. In one way or another they manage almost as well as women to make their very weakness a source of strength. We feel nearly as uncomfortable under their protests and complaints as we do under a shower-bath of feminine tears. Perhaps all this would not furnish much matter for objection; but it is, to say the least, inconvenient—it certainly does not tend to encourage any romantic generosity towards one of these States, when we find it palpably attempting to reopen a settled dispute because it unexpectedly finds that it has more and better friends than it knew of.

This, however, appears to be the line which Brazil has just chosen to adopt. About the end of last year we were under the unpleasant necessity of resorting to reprisals against that power, in order to obtain satisfaction for certain long-standing grievances. The merits of these controversies seem to us utterly immaterial to the question which has now arisen; but as the transactions in question have probably faded from the memory of most Englishmen, it may be as well to mention that one cause of complaint on our part was the neglect of the Brazilian Government to punish the persons who had been guilty of wrecking the *Prince of Wales*—which was lost on their coast—and of murdering a portion of her crew; and that another arose out of an alleged insult to some officers of Her Majesty's ship *Forte*. After long and unavailing attempts to obtain redress, our Admiral on the station was ordered to take measures to enforce a settlement. He seized several Brazilian ships, and under the pressure of the force which he displayed, the Government of that country consented to pay such an indemnity as we might choose to exact for the wrong done in respect to the *Prince of Wales*, and to refer the other dispute to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians. Accordingly, on the 24th of February, Earl Russell wrote a note to M. Moreira, the Brazilian Minister at our Court, fixing the compensation on account of the plunder of the *Prince of Wales* at £3,200. That sum was forthwith paid by a cheque upon the Bank of England. On the 3rd of March the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs accepted, on behalf of his Sovereign, the office of arbitrator in the matter of the *Forte*; and every one on this side of the Atlantic believed that a very disagreeable dispute was amicably settled. It was true that M. Moreira had formally protested against the violence done to his country; and had reserved the right of claiming, in the name of its Government, satisfaction "for the violation of its territorial sovereignty, in consequence of five vessels belonging to the Brazilians, having been captured and held as prizes in the territorial waters of the empire by way of prizes." He did not, however, specify further than in this general way his ground of complaint; and as this note was followed by another, on March 2nd, in which he asked Lord Russell to acknowledge the receipt of his protest "for the completion of this transaction," but did not return to the subject of the reprisals, we were quite warranted in regarding this as merely a decent covering of the retreat. It never occurred to anybody, that after receiving an indemnity for a wrong done us, we were liable to be called upon for damages on account of the measures we had taken to enforce its payment. No speaker during the debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 7th of March hinted a suspicion that the quarrel was still open; and from beginning to end of the discussion

there was not a word of criticism on the proceedings of our Admiral. With the withdrawal of Mr. Bramley-Moore's motion, which abstained from any direct censure of Earl Russell's policy, the matter seemed at an end. We had, however, forgotten some previous occurrences. Immediately the news of Admiral Warren's proceedings reached England, certain journals,—some Liberal and some Conservative,—had, without waiting to see the papers, vehemently espoused the Brazilian cause. The Opposition lost no opportunity, either in Parliament or in the press, of denouncing the conduct of our Government, and although they did not venture to bring the matter to the test of a division, they were not sparing of their censure either in the House of Lords or in the House of Commons. It is probable, that when intelligence of all this reached Rio Janeiro, the satisfaction which it afforded was dashed by regret that a precipitate settlement of the dispute had rendered unavailing the efforts of such ready and powerful allies. Perhaps, also, the idea suggested itself that their aid might yet be turned to account.

Be this as it may, after a silence of two months M. Moreira again took up his pen on the 5th of May; and while declaring his intention not "to reopen a question which has given rise to a profound difference of opinion between the two Governments," he proceeded to demand that Earl Russell should express regret for the circumstances which had accompanied the reprisals, should declare that England had no intention to offend the dignity nor to violate the territorial sovereignty of the Brazilian empire, and should refer to arbitration a claim made in respect of damages accruing from Admiral Warren's seizure of five vessels. Our Foreign Secretary promptly replied that we had not been actuated by any feeling unfriendly to the Emperor of Brazil, or by any desire of aggression upon his territory; but at the same time he declined to discuss the propriety or the execution of the reprisals. Most persons will, we think, hold that he was amply justified in taking this course. If the Brazilian Government thought they had any claim to apology or compensation for the measures of our naval commander, they ought clearly to have urged this in the month of March. They knew the facts then as well as now; and remonstrances might have been made at that time without giving rise to any imputation that they were seeking to disturb a completed settlement. It is of course all very well to say that they do not desire to renew old controversies; but it would be clearly impossible to discuss the propriety of our reprisals without reference to the provocation which had given rise to them. And when we are told that any steps of the kind must have been unjustifiable because the Minister of Foreign Affairs for Brazil had previously declared that the smallest demonstration of force beyond the boundaries of the empire was sufficient to assure to the English Government the object they had in view,—we cannot help remarking that it is not for the party who choose to refuse redress except on the exhibition of force to prescribe the mode in which that force shall be manifested. So far as we can judge Admiral Warren carried out his orders with great moderation. All that he did was to seize five vessels and to detain them for a few days under the guard of a man-of-war in the bay of Las Palmas. There is no ground of complaint in the fact that these vessels were captured in the territorial waters of Brazil, for as Vattel says, "Everything that belongs to a nation is subject to reprisals whenever it can be seized." Nothing, however, can be more trivial than to discuss the manner of carrying out a quasi-hostile act, by reference to the rights and duties of nations in a state of profound peace. It is perfectly true that we should not have tolerated the acts committed by our cruisers from any power in the world. They would confessedly have justified hostilities on the part of Brazil; but it is absurd to make it a matter of diplomatic remonstrance that an act essentially of a warlike character violated the territory, or was in a certain sense a blow at the honour of the nation against which it was directed. These are the necessary incidents of such acts. However, M. Moreira had his instructions; and on receiving Earl Russell's note he demanded his passports, and broke off diplomatic relations with this country. We do not disguise our regret at this circumstance. There are many reasons why we should desire to cultivate friendly relations with Brazil. Apart from others of a more selfish kind, we have a sincere respect for the efforts—in a great degree successful—which the Emperor and his Ministers

have of late years made in organizing the country and developing its resources. As the only constitutional monarchy on the American continent, we can hardly avoid some degree of sympathy for it. As the only State in South America which possesses a solidly established government, it opens the best field for a prosperous and increasing commerce. Not only has our trade greatly increased of late years, but British capital has been largely invested in Brazilian railways, gas-works, and other public undertakings. Both feeling and interest, therefore, impel us to cultivate friendly relations; but we cannot help saying that these motives ought to be equally operative on the other side of the Atlantic. For the sake of both countries, it was in the highest degree desirable that the dispute of last year should have been speedily forgotten. The Emperor of Brazil has consulted neither his true dignity nor his best interest in taking a step which must reopen the sore. We can only hope that no English politicians will encourage him to persevere in so foolish a course; and in that case, we have little doubt that means will soon be found to terminate this unwelcome diplomatic quarrel.

THE SUNDAY CLOSING OF PUBLIC-HOUSES.

WE expected, and we do not regret, the decision of the House of Commons against the bill for shutting up all the public-houses in England during all hours on Sunday. It is a stale truism that people are not to be made religious or moral by Act of Parliament; and it was not very likely, at this time of day, that the popular branch of our legislature would adopt a peremptory measure of prohibition, dictated by the combined Total Abstinence and Sabbath Observance parties, for the avowed purpose of enforcing a change in the habits of the people in conformity with the views advocated by those parties. We do not mean here to discuss those views, either with respect to the sinfulness of Sunday recreation or to the unwholesomeness of fermented drink. It is quite enough that a great portion of their fellow-citizens think it no harm to partake soberly and decently of both these indulgences, which are allowed, under certain restrictions, by the customs of society and by the laws of the land. The wisdom of Parliament has, in the present age, learned a modest distrust of its own competence to direct the course of social reform; and the work of social reform, thus left to the voluntary agencies of piety and benevolence, with the gradual spread of knowledge, has gone on more rapidly, and much more safely, since the functions of a pedagogue were renounced by the State. If the settled persuasion and habitual practice of a majority of the English people shall ever be brought into accordance with those of the stricter Sabbatarians and of the Teetotallers (names which are not used by us in derision, but with a sincere respect for the zeal of those parties on behalf of what they deem right and good), we may, perhaps, look to see these rules enforced by legislation, and then it will behove the minority to submit to them. But we are apparently very far from such a state of things; and while nobody wishes to make the Sunday a profane and common day, and everybody wishes to abate the vice of intoxication, the opinion is still very prevalent, that a stroll in the parks and such places, or even a visit to the British Museum or the National Gallery, is no offence against the sanctity of the Sabbath; and that a moderate consumption of cakes and ale is, upon that as upon any other day, favourable to cheerfulness, and not inconsistent with godliness, as these graces are understood south of the Tweed. In merry England, therefore, and certainly in London, the public mind is not yet prepared for those severe ordinances which commend themselves, as it seems, to our friends in the North. We decline to borrow the Forbes Mackenzie Act from Glasgow and Aberdeen, or to receive from an Alliance formed at Manchester the draft of a Maine Law; and we doubt whether this abortive attempt to carry into legislation, at once, two coincident objects—namely, that of discouraging Sunday excursions, and that of suppressing the sale of beer, will tend to further the profitable discussion of either of those questions, Sabbath-keeping and temperance, which ought to be referred to the good sense and good feeling of the people themselves.

The utter failure of this proposal is, then, chiefly due to the presumption that its design was to force Sabbatarian and Teetotal precepts upon the country. If it had been considered simply as a matter of police, there might have

been no objection to letting it go through Committee, with a view to substituting, for the clause which would forbid the sale of liquor at any hour of the Sunday, a clause to forbid its sale, for instance, later than eight o'clock in the evening. Mr. George Cruikshank, who is a staunch advocate of Teetotalism, but who is familiarly acquainted with the wants and habits of the working classes in London, had suggested that the bill of Mr. Somes should be so amended as to allow the public house to be open on Sunday, for an hour or two at noon, and again for an hour or two early in the evening, that families might be supplied with their dinner and supper beer. We observe that one of the debaters in the House of Commons, on Wednesday, quoted from an interesting little book ("Parson and People," by the Rev. E. Spooner), reviewed last week in our own pages, the testimony of a London clergyman to the harmless character of this branch of the trade, commonly called "the jug department," which is a daily convenience to most of the small householders in London. There would not have been much room to complain of a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks on Sunday, except at those hours when the domestic repast is usually prepared. We are inclined, at least, to think that the present regulations, under the Act of 1855, by which public-houses are kept open all the evening till eleven o'clock, might advantageously be revised; and that the beneficial results would be seen in a great diminution of the business at our police courts on Monday morning. But the circumstances under which Mr. Somes introduced this bill, and the harsh uncompromising tone of its supporters out of doors, made it impossible to discuss these matters of detail in a Committee of the House.

The spirit of intolerance in which this measure was conceived, has thus deprived us, for the present, of a chance of making some needful amendments in the licensing system, or at least in the regulations for the Sunday opening of public-houses, which might have done much to diminish the amount of drunkenness and disorder in London and other large cities at that time when idleness, with all its temptations, besets the uneducated classes of our people. This is, indeed, a matter for much regret, though we may hope that, in the hands of some other person, better advised than Mr. Somes, and less influenced by the organised clamour of sectarian associations, a suitable remedy will hereafter be prepared. We are quite disposed to admit the necessity of some further restrictions upon the sale of intoxicating liquors to be drunk on the premises, and we decidedly repudiate the notion that this trade should claim the privilege, which to other trades is denied, of being carried on publicly during the hours marked by a cessation of ordinary business. So far as it can be shown that the ordinary domestic habits of the people require that they should have access to the public-houses, for the purpose of fetching their usual beverage at meal-times, and so far as it is necessary that inns should be kept open for the accommodation of travellers, or dining-rooms for those who cannot dine at home,—we would allow the Sunday trade to go on. The dealer in commodities of this sort has no right to claim any further exemption from the universal rule to which almost every other tradesman willingly submits. Indeed, we are sure that the majority of respectable tavern-keepers, who are now, by the terms of their licence, positively compelled to do business for many hours on Sunday, would be glad to enjoy their share of the weekly rest provided by the customs and the laws of this Christian land. Whether such a proposal would find equal acceptance with the proprietors of those flaunting gin-shops and vile beer-shops, which exist solely for the enrichment of brewers and distillers by the demoralization of the poor in town and country, and which ought not to be suffered to exist at all,—that is a question which we do not care to ask. As the enemies of society, they are the very last class to be consulted on a matter of social reform.

The conduct, again, of Mr. Somes and his friends was, in our opinion, extremely injudicious when they refused to make this a permissive bill,—that is, a statute which is simply recorded as having got the general sanction of Parliament, but the local application of which is left to the vote of the householders or ratepayers in every township and parish of the kingdom. The principle of this permissive legislation, which agrees so well with the spirit of municipal self-government, has of late been recognized by such measures as Mr. Ewart's Public Libraries and Museums Act, as well as by Sir George Grey's last scheme for the settlement of

It could not get your "Anti & Anti" now in my bad though we were

Church-rates, and by an act of last Session relating to the use of locomotive steam-carriages on the public highways. We believe it would prove a most convenient mode of settling more than one of these questions with regard to the licensing and regulation of public-houses, which evidently depend upon a variety of local circumstances, beyond the ken of Parliamentary legislation. This enactment, for example, which has just been rejected by the House of Commons, is one that could not, for many reasons, have been practicable in London; one that in London would have proved intolerably mischievous, if it had been passed. Yet it is nearly identical with the Forbes Mackenzie Act, which seems to have worked most beneficially in Scotland, and which the majority of the House of Commons would hesitate to repeal. Nor can we fail to be impressed with the fact, that in the great town of Liverpool, fully three-fourths of all the householders, having been fairly canvassed, and recording their deliberate votes, have pronounced for the entire and absolute prohibition of the Sunday traffic in intoxicating drinks. It might not be difficult to ascribe these differences of opinion to the diversity of local conditions, and to the character of the population, as well as to their tastes and habits, as regards the consumption of particular kinds of drink, some of which, unlike malt liquors, can be purchased on the Saturday, and will be as good and as fresh on the Sunday. Liverpool abounds with sailors, who are, like the Scotch, more addicted to spirits than to beer. It is possible that the same rule which would apply to Liverpool might apply to Shadwell and Wapping, but not to other districts of this vast and various London, and certainly not to every town or village in England. If, therefore, it had been possible for the House of Commons at all to entertain such a proposition as that of Mr. Somes, we should rather have seen it put in the form of a "permissive" measure, gradually, and as it were experimentally, coming into operation, by a direct vote of each local community for itself.

GENERAL GRANT AT VICKSBURG.

IT is impossible to deny the importance of the military movements which are reported to have taken place during the month of May in the vicinity of Vicksburg. There is no object which has excited more interest in the Northern States than the possession of the Mississippi, and there is none for which the Federals have fought with more skill and resolution. The western armies under Grant and Rosecranz are composed of very different material from those in the east under Burnside and McClellan. In the west are to be found the *élite* of the American people. They are the yeomen farmers and the German settlers, who are distinguished for energy and industrious habits. If original settlers, they have had the vigour to leave the seaboard cities where they landed from Europe, and to seek new homes in the new districts at the sources of the Mississippi, or in the fertile prairies of Illinois. These are the men to whom the power of America passed at the last Presidential election, and it is probably their destiny to wield the future power of the Republic. They are impressed with the conviction that they must drive back the Confederates considerably south of the Ohio, and at all hazards obtain the complete control of the Mississippi from Minnesota to New Orleans. Whether they are justified in these designs is not the present question. Such are their designs, and it becomes important, therefore, to observe the mode in which they have attempted to carry these designs into effect, and the success which has attended these efforts.

The possession of the Mississippi by the Federals will, it is supposed, produce two results. The first is, that the Confederacy will be cut in two, and will thus be extremely weakened; the second is, that the area of slavery will be circumscribed by a distinct boundary. If successful, the people of the North-western States will, of course, be able to communicate directly with the Gulf of Mexico; but the results just mentioned are those against which the South have been fighting with such desperate courage. As soon as Farragut obtained possession of New Orleans it was thought that the Mississippi was lost to the Confederates. But the conclusion was premature. Various defensible positions on its banks were fortified, and when the Northern ships attempted to pass these batteries they were driven back. It was only by cutting a canal that General Pope managed to pass New

Madrid and the island in the middle of the channel, and nearly a year has been consumed in getting the Federal vessels past the Vicksburg batteries. The same thing took place lower down the river at Port Hudson. The result has been, that for many months the 250 miles which lie between Vicksburg and Port Hudson have been in the hands of the Confederates. They have been able to draw ample supplies from the west of the great river, and no doubt much of the ammunition and guns which landed at Matamoros on the Mexican frontier, has thus found its way into the Confederate camp. But of late, matters have assumed a new aspect. General Banks has not only seized the whole country to the west of New Orleans, but he has occupied Alexandria, on the Red River. That river rises in Texas and, flowing south-eastward, falls into the Mississippi half way between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Nor is this all. Admirals Farragut and Porter have lately managed to run their ships past the batteries of Port Hudson and those of Vicksburg; so that the whole course of the Mississippi was practically reduced into the possession of the Federals. All that remained to the Confederates was Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The latter still remains in their hands. But Vicksburg, if it has not fallen, was certainly in imminent danger. It may be interesting to explain the general plan of operation adopted by General Grant.

Until the batteries of Vicksburg were passed by the Federal fleet, success seemed impossible. In vain the Confederate position was bombarded—in vain the entrenchments were assailed—in vain attempts were made to get into the rear of the lines by ascending the Yazoo River, which, flowing from the north-east, joins the Mississippi just above Vicksburg—in vain canals were cut in order to allow the ships to pass without exposing them to the fire of the batteries. For as Vicksburg stands on the east bank of the Mississippi, or the lower bend of the letter S, it was thought that if a canal could be cut through the tongue of land which may be supposed to fill up this lower bend, the vessels might pass direct from the upper bend to the tail of the S without being exposed to the Vicksburg batteries. At length Porter's fleet succeeded in passing round under their batteries, and Grant adopted a new plan of operations. About sixty miles below Vicksburg lies Grand Gulf, near the mouth of the Big Black River. Here Grant landed his army. What its numbers were it is impossible to say; but he at once occupied Port Gibson, which is connected with Grand Gulf by a short railway. A glance at the map will at once explain the situation. Nearly due north, about thirty miles, as the crow flies, from Port Gibson, stands Vicksburg, and forty-five miles directly east of Vicksburg stands Jackson, the capital of Mississippi State, so that Jackson is about fifty-five miles north-east of Port Gibson. Jackson is connected by a railroad with Vicksburg, and that railroad is intersected by the Big Black River, which, flowing from the north-east, falls as we have said into the Mississippi at Grand Gulf. Thus Grant occupied Grand Gulf and Port Gibson, at the southern corner of the triangle formed by these places, Vicksburg and Jackson; and if he could succeed in occupying Jackson he must of necessity cut off the Confederates from receiving either reinforcements or supplies from the east. With this object Grant marched with his army for Jackson, which he reached on the 14th of May. The place seems to have been held by General Joe Johnson, one of the ablest of the Confederate officers, but after three hours' fighting, the Confederates were compelled to retreat north-westward. Four days later it appears that General Joe Johnson's camp was between Brownsville and Livingston—that is, some twenty miles to the north-west of Jackson, and upon the eastern bank of the Big Black River. But Grant did not remain idle, for on the morning of the 16th he attacked General Pemberton near Edwards Depôt on the railway, and, as the Confederates admit, after nine hours that officer was compelled to fall back to the western side of the Big Black River. It thus appears that Grant had succeeded in defeating the enemy in detail, and that even on the 18th Johnson and Pemberton were still separated: the one being to the east, the other to the west of the Big Black River. According to the latest accounts, which come down to the 20th, from the west, Grant had reached Haines Bluff, on the Yazoo. That river joins the Mississippi just above Vicksburg, and the bluffs or heights command that stream. The possession of Haines Bluff by the Federals

not only ensures the capture of Vicksburg, but enables the Federals to supply themselves with fresh provisions. When Grant left Jackson he abandoned his communications with his original base, Grand Gulf. Providing his troops at Jackson with eight days' rations, he advanced at once against the divided force of the enemy, and in four days reached the banks of the Yazoo, and thus restored his communication with the fleet. Though the battle was still raging when the last despatches were sent, it is obvious that the Confederates were in serious danger. The Confederates had been twice defeated and separated from each other. Their retreat was cut off towards the south; it was cut off towards the east, for the bridge across the Big Black River was held by the Federals. Their only chance of retrieving the day was by defeating that army of Grant's which had reached Haines Bluff. If they can succeed in doing this, Grant's force must be practically destroyed. On the other hand, if Grant succeeds in beating them, they must either retreat to the north, if possible, or capitulate. But whatever may be the result, it is certain that General Grant's conduct has been marked by promptitude, skill, and prudence.

The consequence of a Federal victory in these quarters is important. Vicksburg being taken, the whole course of the Mississippi will at once fall into the hands of the Federals. But, further, the army of General Bragg, which still faces General Rosecranz about 300 miles to the north-east of Jackson, will be in some danger, for Grant will be able to break up the railroads in Bragg's rear, and to attack him in flank, whilst the union of the Federal armies in the west will render it extremely difficult for the Confederates to oppose their advance into Alabama or towards the east.

THE CITY ELECTION.

THE attitude of the Conservative press with regard to the recent City election has been an amusing spectacle. By not offering to contest the vacant seat the Tory party has confessed, in the most pregnant way, that Tory politics do not go down upon 'Change. Mr. Disraeli and the Conservative Protectorate of the Church, Lord John Manners and the sacred cause of poetry, Sir John Pakington and the wooden walls of old England, and all the other war cries with which the well-meaning young warriors of the party rush nightly on the Ministerial benches to tomahawk Mr. Gladstone and his friends, fall very flat upon City ears. The *Morning Herald* cannot repress its feelings of disappointment. The world is out of joint; the Liberal party is a clique; and, to crown all, there is serious reason to believe that Mr. Goschen is a German. A Conservative writer, lurking in the pages of the *Saturday Review* of last week, is disconsolate, though more philosophic. What could be expected from a large constituency? Nothing, but that they should disgrace themselves by sending up as usual one more "shocking example" of the evils of unbridled democracy. Highest of all (we learn) in the scale of political grandeur comes the "county seat." It is the pinnacle towards which borough members look up. To such a position a transference from the inferior "borough" is "decidedly looked upon as a piece of political promotion." But far below even the borough is the large town constituency, which the "man of mark" studiously avoids. Its mission is only to disgust the world by sending to Parliament men of a "lower type," of "unscrupulous," "unfastidious," and "worthless" character.

It is evident that everything in this disconsolate writer's complaint turns upon what he means by a "man of mark." In one sense of the word, we can understand that the "man of mark" whom Conservatives would delight to honour is hardly the man at whose feet the metropolis would care to cast its crowns. We do not imagine that by the "man of mark" is meant so simple a creature as a politician of eminence. Otherwise an allusion would have been made to the fact that every rule has its exceptions, and that some very eminent men in the House of Commons actually do sit for large constituencies, while the City of London itself returned Lord Russell consistently until he became a peer. It need scarcely be remarked that the City of London, so far as its choice of Parliamentary representatives is concerned, differs very considerably from the metropolitan boroughs. Supposing, again, that Mr. Cobden or Lord Palmerston had stood on the recent occasion, they would probably have been successful, or, at any rate, if they had been defeated, it would not have been the fault of City Liberals, but of

City Conservatives. It can hardly, therefore, be meant that mere political eminence is a disqualification for large constituencies, or that eminent Liberals would not be welcomed in such places. A "man of mark" is not therefore an eminent Liberal. It is implied that he should be a Tory, and what kind of a Tory, is to be discovered from the imaginary picture of him that the Reviewer has drawn. He is a Tory who sits *faute de mieux* for boroughs, but is only too glad to be transferred to counties. The class of young gentleman alluded to is pretty clear: it is that particular class who may be expected to rise from the family borough to the family county, who are smart enough to justify them in representing towns, and influential enough to look forward with a noble pride to representing counties. Mr. Goschen is a man of consummate ability, of intellectual cultivation, of business habits, and a Director of the Bank of England. According to the Reviewer, however, he is undistinguished and obscure. Intellectual cultivation, therefore, may at once be eliminated from the ideal "man of mark." So vulgar a quality has nothing to do with distinction. Wherein, then, consists the true "man of mark?" We are sorry to be obliged to think that, in the eyes of our disappointed Conservative friend the Reviewer, it consists in Tory principles combined with a family name. If neither wealth, nor political eminence among Liberals, nor intellect, makes the "man of mark," nobody can be a "man of mark" who is not either a Tory or a Lord.

If this is the view of the Reviewer, we completely sympathize with his keen affliction at the sight of the City once more throwing away its splendid opportunities, and neither offering the vacant seat to Lord John Manners, nor to Lord Henry Lennox, nor to any other "man of mark" of the kind. The brilliant class of statesmen in question must be content to take the smaller boroughs that drop in their way from off the ancestral fruit-tree, and to console themselves with the reflection that the American war teaches us how blind popular constituencies are to splendid aristocratic merits. We should not at all agree with the opinion that the largest constituencies ought to be handed over to those junior members of the peerage who take a beautiful pride in despising the Manchester school, and in decorating their own minds upon the painted-glass principle. We do not say that the men such electoral bodies return are conspicuous, as a rule, for great political sense or for great refinement. They are, however, honest and uncompromising; on the great questions of the day they are oftener found on the right side of the lobby than the aristocratic young noblemen whom the Reviewer obviously means by "men of mark." But the recent election in the City has been of a very different kind. It is true that Mr. Goschen is not yet a man of mark in the country; for the simple reason that, being a young man, and not a son of a duke or a marquis, he is only known to those whose confidence he has personally deserved. But he is certainly a man of mark in the City, which is quite enough to make the City at present willing to give him a chance of making his mark in Parliament. When he has been tried there and failed, it will be time enough to designate him as obscure. If that term is applied at all, let it be applied impartially. Is the new Under-Secretary of War too obscure for Lord Palmerston to have twice promoted him within a couple of months? Our friend the Reviewer would say that he is relieved from that reproach because he is clever, and the successor to a dukedom. Mr. Goschen's ability being undeniable, the great test of notability in politics is, after all, according to this ingenious gentleman, whether or no a man has got a father who has got a handle to his name.

The Reviewer goes on in a spirit of Conservative charity to insinuate that the new City member is unscrupulous as well as ignoble. This trenchant criticism is probably based upon the same sort of foundation as the former. He finds it difficult to conceive of anybody who sincerely thinks that Church-rates ought to be abolished, or that the Ballot would put down undue intimidation. This must be a very curious state of mind to find one's self in. It is difficult to put one's self in the position of a person who believes that everybody is dishonest who is not for keeping up the Church-rate system, or for open voting. We are not believers in the Ballot, but we do not think it quite necessary to go as far. When Lord Russell stood last in the City, he said almost precisely the same thing that Mr. Goschen said on the recent occasion; and so sweeping a disapprobation makes dishonest

men of about half the House of Commons. The fact is exactly the reverse. The new City member weakened his influence by stating that he was a Ballot man, and apparently preferred to weaken it by an open and honest avowal of an unpopular theory, rather than sail into Parliament under false colours. Nobody could read his address without seeing that, even if in one or two points it was extreme, it was the address of an honest and able man. As we said last week, we believe that the City has done both wisely and well. A young man of known brilliancy and industry ought not to be put aside because he is, on principle, in favour of a measure which is unpopular with the more cultivated classes; but which did not disqualify Sir R. Bethell from becoming a Chancellor, or Mr. Milner Gibson from becoming a Minister of State. Political situations change very rapidly; the present situation in the next few years will change decisively. The questions of to-day are not the questions of to-morrow; and a little experience of political life will make able men either modify or mature mere theoretical opinions. Mr. Goschen is neither a firebrand nor an anti-Churchman; while he is likely to distinguish himself in the House beyond most men of his years. We really cannot understand the covert attack that has been made upon him, and can only impute it to the natural vexation which Conservatives feel at seeing the seat pass, without a contest, from a Liberal to a Liberal.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

WE have already pointed out both the positive, and what may be called the negative, arguments in favour of retaining the Irish branch of the United Church *in statu quo*. To alienate its revenues, would be to make a stab at our own branch of the Church; would introduce the vicious principle of deciding great principles by mere majorities; would disconnect the government of Ireland with any religious opinions, and would disturb the foundations of all property whatsoever. We have seen, moreover, that the Irish Church has a history, and that that history has a just claim for a hearing. It now remains to be inquired, how has the Irish Church carried out her principles? And, how far may we hope that she will carry them out in the time to come?

As to the past, it is impossible to deny that the result, however much the arguments we are about to urge may mitigate the blame to be attached to the Irish clergy, has not been commensurate with the means at their disposal. It would be absurd to deny that, up to thirty years ago, the Irish Protestant clergy had, to a considerable degree, succumbed to the difficulties with which they were surrounded. Non-residence and pluralities were too frequent, and had done the mischief which non-residence and pluralities must ever inflict upon a neighbourhood. But it must be remembered, that these evils were not regarded in either country as they are now regarded. They were a tradition and a fact, handed down from one generation to another, and tolerated like a thousand other abuses, because none could remember when it had been otherwise. If we look to the political horizon of the Irish Church, we see reasons for its inactivity, in the fact that it was used by the Tudors and others as a mere political machine, and, for long after the Tudors, was never regarded by men in power as an engine for the improvement and education of the people. Its ascendancy was maintained by a code so distasteful to all the better feelings of our nature, that the only wonder is, that the system was able to maintain itself at all when that code was done away. It is unfair, we think, to form any judgment as to results until a better and freer system had been for some generations introduced. And if the political horizon of the Irish Church was thus dark, what shall we say of the social? What of the bludgeon of the assassin, and of the bullet of the lurking coward? These things cannot and must not be overlooked in considering the past history of the Irish Church. We will defy Mr. Dillwyn, or any other Member of Parliament, calmly to compose his next speech, if he felt there was a chance that a sharp-faced, hungry-looking Irishman might start out upon him from the next thicket, or that any night a brace of slugs may whiz out of the shrubbery, crash through his drawing-room window, and leave his family without a head. And if we turn from the political and social view of the case to the religious, what better chance of developing herself has been afforded to the Irish Church? We must not ignore

the fact, that even if the Irish clergy had been far more active than they have been, they have had to contend against the most powerful organization under Heaven. Look at any one unit of that organization, the first Roman Catholic priest you come to. He has under him a people over whom from their birth he wields spiritual powers of the most fearful character. With their mother's milk they draw in the idea that there is no salvation out of the Church to which they belong. To doubt is dangerous, to apostatize is damnation. The helpless victims of this system may not think for themselves—and no light from the Word of God may come in upon their homes or hearts, except in fragments, and with the glosses of the priest. This priest does not hesitate to denounce individuals by name from the altar; and who shall venture to say how many midnight murders, how many ruined families, how much disloyalty to the Crown, have sprung from the harangues of so-called Christian ministers from the hallowed precincts of the altar? Let us suppose that Mr. Dillwyn were a Protestant clergyman, burning with zeal, it may be for the conversion of his neighbours, but at any rate for their improvement. What has he to set against the organization of which we have spoken? He has only an opinion, founded indeed on liberty, but for that very reason not enforced on an unwilling and ignorant listener. He comes to his parishioner, not as a "lord over God's heritage," but as a friend; nor as one "to be ministered unto, but to minister." He claims no vice-regency for the great Head of the Church, but only to come from Him as an ambassador. The souls and consciences of his people are not in his keeping, but in their own. Moreover, it is not even an opinion whole and undivided that he can present to his congregation. The Protestant faith may be one essentially in doctrine, but it is diverse in practice; the same in faith, but differing in discipline. Here is the Established Church, and here the Presbyterian. Here is the Wesleyan, there the Independent. All this liberty, which is the glory of the one faith, is the scorn and ridicule of the other. Looking, therefore, to the past history of the Irish branch of the United Church, while we do not venture to deny that there have been supineness and inaction, we do not hesitate to say that the experiment has been tried under such difficulties, that if it has been comparatively a failure, its failure cannot be legitimately used as an argument for spoliation.

Such are the difficulties with which the Irish Church has had to contend, and it cannot be wondered if the result has been comparatively small. In forming a correct estimate, however, of its progress, a difficulty meets us in the diminished population of the island. If in 1861 there were fewer Protestants than in 1834, there were also fewer Roman Catholics; and it is a fact that the disproportion between the two was at the latter period decidedly in favour of the Protestants. Whether this is to be ascribed to conversions, or to a change of balance effected by emigration, cannot of course be determined. But it is an element of hope for the future, that when the pressure of the priesthood is removed in other countries, it is seen that the hold of Roman Catholic doctrine on the Irish peasantry is not so much the result of conviction as of oppression. It is well known that in America a vast proportion of the emigrants shake off the control of the priest at the earliest moment.

When we turn to the future, and inquire what grounds there are for expecting that the Irish Church, if left *in statu quo*, will gain ground, we see many reasons to hope for the best. In the first place, if the results of past practice have been small, no one can assert that they are *nil*. Since the Union in 1800, there have been built in Ireland 994 churches, while 224 have been enlarged. Of these no less than 638 were built, and 53 enlarged, before the establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission in 1833, and therefore entirely by private subscription. Of the remainder, 239 churches have been built, and 171 enlarged, partly by subscription, but chiefly by the funds of the Board, while 67 have been built wholly by private hands. This, at all events, cannot be set down as total failure. There must be congregations somewhere for these 1,218 churches built or enlarged. Then it is admitted on all sides that a vast improvement has taken place in the Irish clergy during the last thirty or forty years. They are more learned, more pious, more active. There is less jobbery, less self-seeking. They are more Irish than they used to be. These virtues, and especially the last, must largely increase their power of influencing the people for their good. It is impossible but

There is the priest hood that has for the many - political power - and their English masters.

that a large body of well educated, pious, and diligent men, throwing themselves heart and soul into improvements, devoting themselves to education, showing the gains of enlightenment and the power of the Holy Scriptures to improve the temper and sustain the heart, should fail to do good. They must form centres of light, from which rays will go out into the surrounding neighbourhood and dispel the darkness. It cannot fail to happen that where education spreads, the power of the priesthood will diminish. The first Reformation burst the fetters which enchained the human mind. It taught men to think. It shook the powers of evil to their very foundation, and dissipated the darkness wherever it was allowed to penetrate. The new Reformation, as it is called, is again doing wonders in Connaught, and it is proved by actual experience that even the marvellous organization of Popery cannot gainsay or resist it. We do not venture to say that every Irish clergyman should mount the rostrum and make violent philippics against Popery. We think that in so doing he might very possibly be using weapons too much akin to those of his opponents. But we do think that Mr. Seymour's amendment to Mr. Dillwyn's motion might *practically*, though not by force of law, be carried out, and that a more private redistribution of ecclesiastical funds might well help on the work which is undoubtedly in progress, as attested by unimpeachable witnesses. Meanwhile, in each man's own sphere let the light of true Christian feeling and conduct display itself, and we think that there can be little doubt as to the ultimate result.

THE OLD DOG TRAY.

AN anonymous pamphlet bearing the title of "Mr. Kinglake and the Quarterlies, by an Old Reviewer," with the prefix of "not for sale" appended to it, was privately circulated amongst the literary coteries of London about a month ago. Its object appeared to be to attract attention to certain articles on Mr. Kinglake's work in the *Saturday* and the *North British Reviews*, of which it spoke approvingly, and from which it quoted copiously.

Of the first of these two periodicals the "Old Reviewer" said, "The attacks of the *Times* on Mr. Kinglake's historical accuracy have been so effectively repelled by the *Saturday Review*, as to render further allusion to them unnecessary;" and after inveighing against the misrepresentation and personality which, according to the "Old Reviewer," had pervaded the articles on Mr. Kinglake's book, in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, he affirmed that, "unless the arguments used in Mr. Kinglake's favour by the *North British Review* could be disposed of, all controversy as to that gentleman's moderation and accuracy must be at an end." In reply to a charge which had been made against Mr. Kinglake, that he had printed arguments of his own between inverted commas, as if they had been quotations from other authorities, the "Old Reviewer" justified the practice, by pointing out that a similar course had been pursued by a writer in the *North British Review*.

The unmistakable aim of the "Old Reviewer" was to lead the public into supposing that three distinct literary authorities approved of Mr. Kinglake's book, and disapproved of the "personality and misrepresentation" with which the historian of the Crimean war had been treated by the press in general.

Our clear-sighted contemporary, the *Times*, in commenting on this pamphlet, expressed its suspicion that there were not, in reality, three writers, but one writer, who wrote thus; and that the *Saturday Reviewer*, the *North British Reviewer*, and the "Old Reviewer," wielded but a single pen amongst them, and that not a very sharp one. It supported these suspicions in the following passage:—

"When we come to examine the peculiar style of this precious trinity in unity, we cannot but fancy that it is not entirely unfamiliar to us. We stumble in every page—no matter whether we turn to the *Saturday Review*, to the *North British*, or to the pamphlet of the 'Old Reviewer'—on the same shabby evasions, the same scolding tone, the same threadbare quotations, and stale after-dinner stories lodged in neck and heels, the same dreary old scraps of Fielding and Walter Scott. . . . It is impossible to mistake the hand.

'We recognize the flavour of the old dog Tray' in every sentence."

The *Times* hazarded no surmises as to the identity of the author of these anonymous articles; it did not attempt to rend from him the armour of impersonality in which he had chosen to clothe himself; it merely compared carefully the style of the three scribes,

and, after having done so, avowed its suspicion that they were all three but one "manifold writer."

It would appear that this criticism, on the part of our contemporary, has grievously stung the party or parties by whom the trick has been planned and executed. The *Saturday Review*, in a short article, declared that the *Times* in "confidently stating" that the reviewer of Mr. Kinglake's work in the *Saturday Review*, the writer in the *North British*, and the author of the pamphlet by "An Old Reviewer," were "three literary gentlemen rolled into one"—had been guilty of "a simple falsehood;" a strong expression, which must, we fear, have been peculiarly distressing to the susceptibilities of the "Old Reviewer," who laments so bitterly (p. 10) that the laws of honour can no longer be resorted to, in order to banish such words as "untrue" from decent controversy.

Now we think it but right, in the interests of literary morality, to point out, that the *Times* did not "confidently assert" that the articles in question all emanated from the same pen; our contemporary merely expressed "its strong suspicion" that such was the case, giving at the same time the most convincing reasons for entertaining that suspicion. Neither did our contemporary affirm that the review of Mr. Kinglake's work in the *Saturday Review* was the work of the *North British Reviewer* and the "Old Reviewer." There were no less than seven articles in the *Saturday Review* on Mr. Kinglake's book. The first four of these seven articles reviewed the book; the three last repelled "the attack of the *Times* on Mr. Kinglake's historical accuracy." They were obviously not all written by the same hand; the first four being purely eulogistic, and containing nothing controversial; the three latter being purely controversial, and bearing those peculiar marks by which the *Times* conceives that it has detected the identity of the "three literary gentlemen rolled into one," who write up Mr. Kinglake.

It will be seen, therefore, that this vehement though qualified denial on the part of the *Saturday Review* may, after all, be but an evasion; and that the surmises of the *Times* that the "Old Reviewer" wrote the three controversial articles on Mr. Kinglake's work in the *Saturday Review*, are quite compatible with the assertion that the first four articles reviewing the book in the *Saturday Review* proceeded from another pen.

And this easy explanation of what would otherwise be very difficult to explain, is strongly confirmed by a preface which the "Old Reviewer" has added to a second edition of his pamphlet, in which he confesses his identity with the reviewer in the *North British*, and does not deny his identity with the gentleman who writes in the *Saturday*. In this preface the "Old Reviewer," as usual, complains of the unfair personalities towards himself of which the *Times* has been guilty; but in what those personalities consist he omits to say. As far as we can see, the *Times* has merely commented fairly on three literary productions, published anonymously, and has expressed its conviction that they are the work of one writer, but it has not taken the improper liberty of surmising who that writer may be. It would be well if the "Old Reviewer" himself had shown a similar delicacy in using against others those unfair weapons of literary controversy of which he so sensitively deprecates the use against himself. As we have said, for anything the *Times* has written, "the three gentlemen rolled into one" who write up Mr. Kinglake may rejoice in the names of Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, or Smith, or Tomkins; whether they do so or not concerns neither the *Times* nor the public, as long as what they write is not libellous. But the "Old Reviewer" has no idea of conceding to his opponents the privacy which he so querulously claims as his own birthright. In order to deal more effectively with certain inconvenient strictures on his client's history in the *Quarterly Review*, the "Old Reviewer" has not hesitated to tear the mask off a face which he informs us is that of General Sir George Brown, K.C.B. Nearly half of his pamphlet is devoted to insolent ridicule of that gallant gentleman, whom the "Old Reviewer" represents as praising himself, and as discrediting everybody else, in an article which the "Old Reviewer" supposes the General to have written in the *Quarterly*; he speaks of him derisively as the "Sir George (of the *Quarterly*)," and expresses his decided opinion that the anonymous writer in the *Review* is none other than the gallant officer who mis-led the Light Division at the Alma. Why the "Old Reviewer," fighting himself "under shield," should feel justified in taking this unusual liberty with Sir George Brown, or with any other writer who chooses to review Mr. Kinglake's work anonymously, we are at a loss to conceive; but that he does take it, the following extract from p. 72 of his pamphlet conclusively proves:—

"Whether direct evidence can be adduced to identify the Sir George Brown who has recently dated from Kilmainham, with the Sir George

of the *Quarterly*, remains to be seen. For the present, the internal evidence is enough. There is a scene in *A Legend of Montrose*, in which the disguised Lord of the Castle expatiates on his own manifold virtues to Captain Dalgetty. 'I never heard so much good of him before,' said Dalgetty! 'You must know the Marquis well, or rather you must be the Marquis himself!' We leave the application to the military critic of the *Quarterly*."

And this actually proceeds from the pen of the whining trinity in unity, who are complaining so bitterly of the unfair personalities of the *Times*! Dressing their opponents, as their custom is, with oil of vitriol, the *Saturday Reviewer* and his doubles are not ashamed to disturb the clubs and coteries of London with their clamour simply because they themselves have been served up with a mild sauce piquante.

SEA DREAMS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

It was a hot still night in early June. Whalley and Newdegate had been wearily prosing and raving about Maynooth, and a long list of business still stood on the paper to be got through. The drowsy roar of the dusty city came muffled through the windows, the fag of London life lay heavy on the spirits, the fumes of rich London dinners stupefied the brain, and the exhaustion of stifling London parties weighed soul and body down. Then rose up a potent magician, and spoke of the sea and the fishermen hauling their nets on the shore, of the trawlers out in the ofling with sails filled by the gallant breeze, of the salt-smelling sea-weed mixed with shells that fell out of the dripping nets. As the picture grew beneath the wizard's touch, the tired House yielded itself to the blissful illusion, the medicated ventilation seemed to turn into the sharp fresh air that had kissed nought of earth save the Atlantic foam; the coved ceiling became a deep blue vault flecked with thin shreds of fleecy cloud; the hum from without changed to the ripple of the dancing waves against the clinker-built bow, as the boat lifted lazily over the long ocean swell; and the voice was the mermaid's lulling song, singing, as she combed her yellow hair in the sunshine:—

"O come with me, my love,
And our fairy home shall be
Where the water spirits rove,
In the deep, deep sea."

So, listening to "such dulcet and harmonious sounds," the fatal spell wrought on the soothed senses and drew with resistless might the willing victims of enchantment to the cold chambers of the sea-maid's haunt. Then, sharp and terrible, broke the Clerk's voice, proclaiming the numbers, and fifty miserable M.P.'s woke and saw that the mermaid was Mr. Fenwick, and knew that it was all a dream about the fresh salt sea and the plash of waves, and found that in their sleep they had gone into the Opposition lobby, and that the Government was beaten, and that they were in London, and that a Commission was to issue to inquire into something about sea-fishing, and the number of turbot sent to town during the season.

Well, very pleasant was the dream, and very pleasant is it to read about such themes before we go out into the hot, hazy streets next morning, and very pleasant will it be to be commissioners to go all about the coast and ask all sorts of questions about fish, and how they are caught, and how much they get for them, and what they do with the bad ones, and to settle to go out tomorrow, if it is warm and fine, and see all the process and get paid for a great many days' work of that sort.

Nor shall we throw any doubt on the explanation that such a roving commission may gather for us a great deal of useful and interesting information. But still we cannot help suggesting, that the first duty it will accomplish will certainly be to scatter to the winds the great bulk of the allegations on which it was asked and has found support. Nothing of course is more natural than that Mr. Fenwick, who has taken a great part in our recent salmon legislation, and who was able, on the very evening in question, to cite to the House the triumphant fact, that four smooth, or puffy salmon, each upwards of five inches long, had this season been already caught at the Nore, should desire the application of similar rules to the preservation of cod, whiting, and turbot. And perhaps it is not remarkable that the *Times*, which cannot be expected to keep a naturalist upon the premises, or to knock up at two in the morning somebody who had seen a salmon actually hooked, and knew the difference between "clean" and "foul" fish, should next morning patronize Mr. Fenwick, and tell the public how thoroughly it might confide in his facts. But unhappily the real fact is, that there is not the smallest analogy between the case of salmon and sea-fish, and not the slightest ground for expectation that legislative restrictions, however

useful in the case of the former, will be beneficial or even possible in application to the latter.

The salmon depends for existence upon very peculiar conditions. It must every year visit both sea and river, or it dies. It can spawn only in the upper waters of inland streams, and its young can only attain full development in the ocean. Now, it is quite possible for man to render one or other, or both of these conditions impossible, and so to extirpate the breed. And in many rivers man has done so. Dams and weirs sometimes utterly bar the passage to the struggling and perishing fish. Even if no such insurmountable obstacle exists, the capture by fixed and moveable nets in the lower waters may be so great that scarce any will reach the spawning-grounds. And if only a very small number do succeed, there is not sufficient motive afforded to the owners of these shallow streams to preserve their rare visitors from eager and easy capture. So it has been necessary that the legislature should step in and so adjust the interests of the owners of ten or fifty miles of running stream, and of the same extent of sea-coast adjacent, as to afford to each his due share of the common benefit to which all must contribute, while imposing upon all certain common rules without which the benefit would become lost to all. But wholly different is the case of the sea-fish proper. It is utterly beyond man's power to extirpate them. He can neither shut them out from their breeding haunts, nor close to their entrance the element in which they exist. At the utmost, he can only capture so many as to thin the stock, or injure some small percentage of the spawn. So what forms a necessity for legislative control in regard to salmon can at best be put no higher than a question of comparative expediency in regard to turbot and whittings. Mr. Fenwick cannot be allowed to cite a case in which utter destruction is possible, as governing a case in which partial injury is the most that can be effected.

But even the partial injury may be very well doubted. Mr. Fenwick's indignation is chiefly directed against trawling, a practice by which he says many fish are caught that are unfit for food, many more are damaged, much spawn is disturbed and destroyed. But even if we grant all this, it is clear that it is a process by which much fish good for food and in good condition is secured, otherwise it would cease to be practised. The true question then is, whether the injury done is so serious as to call for its repression by law. Mr. Fenwick spoke of two cart-loads of young cod which he had seen, none being longer than his hand, and demanded of the House whether such a spectacle was not a lamentable waste of the bounties of Providence. He spoke of small fish brought up by the trawl being swept with brooms into the sea, and of masses of spawn being found entangled in the apparatus. But has it never occurred to Mr. Fenwick to reflect upon the enormous fecundity of fish, which is obviously a most material consideration in speculating on the destruction of immature specimens? Cart-loads of codfish were probably not one hundredth part of the produce of the spawn of a single progenitor, and of the cart-loads probably not five individuals would, if the whole had been left in the sea, have escaped their natural enemies long enough to come to the Billingsgate size. Each full-grown specimen produces from thousands to millions of eggs every season; these eggs and the fry developed from them are the food on which other species of fish are nourished; and this natural process proceeds to an extent which makes the influence of man's interference almost inappreciable. A very instructive report of a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the operation of the laws forbidding trawling for herrings in Scotland, of which Professor Huxley was a leading member, has just been laid before Parliament. This Commission, after a full investigation, came to the conclusion that all such operations were so insignificant in comparison to the effects of natural laws, that they were not worth continuing. But they ascertained the further curious fact, that, indirectly, legislation often led to more destruction than it prevented. Thus the cod feeds largely on the herring, and at certain seasons will take no bait except herring. A close-time being established for herrings in Scotland prevented the fishermen from procuring this bait; the consequence was, that a certain number of cod escaped capture, and these, it was computed, would in one year devour more herrings than the whole take by fishermen on the Scottish coast. Nothing, indeed, needs more delicate handling than the relations between different branches of animal and vegetable life. Mr. Darwin has shown how the preservation of red clover may, through the intermediate stages of humble bees and field-mice, depend ultimately on the number of cats kept in one village and farm. Every game-keeper knows that it is not the poachers, but the "vermin," that are his great enemies. By the steady destruction of hawks, carrion crows, weasels, and rats, he can raise his

head of game to any figure. Such a process makes rabbits so numerous, in fitting situations for their multiplication, as to become a nuisance, and on the Scottish hills it has raised the mountain-hares to armies of such strength that they expel the sheep, and need organized battues to keep them within bounds. So, if Mr. Fenwick shall find us means for keeping down the sea vermin,—the dog-fish, the porpoises, and the seals,—he will probably, unless he knock his head against some yet occult provision and balance of nature, render us far more effectual service than by instituting a raid against the trawl or the seine-net. Meantime, however, we take no exception to the appointment of a Commission, which, if it should do no more, will at least clear away some foolish local theories, and expose the self-interest which lies at the bottom of a good many strong assertions of fact in matters piscine as well as terrene.

PATTI IN CHANCERY.

MADemoiselle ADELINA PATTI, who has done so much to delight the audiences of the Royal Italian Opera during the past and the present season, has been good enough to extend her usefulness to the general public, by enlivening a very dull time with a family episode, in which she has displayed that versatility of character which is one of her striking talents on the mimic boards. Say what we will, the best of us have a certain relish for scandal, and like to peep now and then behind the curtain which screens family life from the public gaze, especially if the closet door be open and the household skeleton visible. The most uninteresting people attain a passing importance the moment they can furnish gossip to the tea-table; but if the scandal affects some public character, it assumes an immeasurably superior value, and becomes the talk of the town. This has especially been the case with our actors, singers, *et hoc genus omne*. The great Kean's best performances never gave the town half the excitement of his *faux pas* in the family of Alderman Cox; nor has any of Mr. Boucicault's productions since the "Colleen Bawn" been the occasion of so much small talk as his share in the recent trial of Jordan v. Gibbon. Seeing their entertainers constantly in an assumed character, people feel a curiosity, perhaps as strong as it is idle, to know what they are like in their private rôles—whether the Myles na Coppaleen of private life is as humorous and pleasant a character as he is on the stage; or whether the Patti, so charming as Amina, Zerlina, or Rosina, is as witching when she appears in her own character of Adelina—whether she executes a cavatina before sitting down to breakfast, or sings out in C sharp for her eggs and bacon.

Well, this same charming little Patti—for, notwithstanding her subsequent disclaimer, we cannot but believe that she had something to do with it—came lately into the Court of Chancery by her next friend, James William Macdonald, with a very woe-begone story about her family discomforts, which must have thrilled the Vice-Chancellor himself with indignation from the sole of his feet to the roots of his hair—nay, even to the hairs of his wig. She said that she was the most ill-used little Patti that ever warbled the British public into ecstasies of admiration. She had a selfish old father, Signor Salvatore Patti, and a mercenary brother-in-law, Mr. Maurice Strackosch, who took all the profits of her professional labours to themselves. They made engagements for her, will-she, nill-she. In one year they pocketed a sum of £24,000—ye voiceless, think of that!—and rendered her no portion of it, and no account of how and where it had gone. Her unnatural sire had, for an annuity to be paid him out of her earnings by Strackosch, handed her over to that greedy German. Under this agreement Strackosch made engagements for her at Brussels, Ghent, Liege, Louvain, Amsterdam, the Hague, Utrecht, Paris, Vienna, London and other towns in England, and on the 4th of May last brought her to England to sing at the Covent Garden Opera House for a large sum of money, which she was not to enjoy. Strackosch received all her money; jealously guarded her and her maid to and from the theatre; treated her in all respects as if she were a valuable property, which, no doubt, she is; an enchantress, who only opens her lips to drop pearls; a delicate song-bird, whose trills and cadences turn into gold as she utters them.

But, worse than all this, Salvatore and Maurice, not content with impoverishing her pocket, sought to trifle with the gentle inmate of her bosom. For—

"Love was still the lord of all,"

and Mdle. Patti had exchanged hearts with a Belgian nobleman, Henri de Lossy, Baron de Ville, a minor like herself, but blessed with a parent who saw no objection to his union with a cantatrice who could earn twenty-four thousand a year. Signor Patti himself

was similarly minded in the month of March, 1862, and the young couple were betrothed. But the demon of avarice set to work to overthrow the attachment, and, as a preliminary step, established a blockade against the introduction of visitors and letters. The lovers were prohibited from meeting as rigorously as the lovers in an opera, but, unlike them, were not successful in baffling their jealous guardians. For many months, said Mademoiselle by her "next friend," the defendants, Maurice and Salvatore, had acted towards her with cruelty and oppression; and they were acting so up to the filing of the bill, "in consequence of which she daily goes," said the gallant Macdonald, "in great bodily and mental fear." All her movements were watched by her father, and still more by Strackosch. They would neither let her see nor communicate with her friends, nor allow her to receive letters from them, nor, indeed, permit her the run of her own house, but confined her to certain rooms; threatened her with violence in case of resistance; opened her letters and kept as many as they chose to themselves. Nay, the brother-in-law went so far as to accuse the innocent Patti of dishonourable conduct and acts which she could not think of. So that, under these accumulated sufferings, Adelina was driven to the verge of madness, and her life rendered miserable. How, under such circumstances, Mdle. Patti could warble so deliciously night after night, at Covent Garden, and throw herself heart and soul into performances which, by the injustice of her relatives, were the basis of so many robberies, we don't pretend to understand. But this is the case put forward on behalf of Mdle. Patti by her "next friend;" and so far we have an intelligible if not a veracious statement.

But we have hardly reached this stage of the proceedings when we find ourselves involved in serious difficulties. It appears that her "next friend" was a perfect stranger to the interesting minor; and she herself stated upon oath that his bill—asking the protection of the Court of Chancery, and the appointment of a guardian till she came of age—was filed not only without her sanction, but without her knowledge. In the same affidavit she says that she enjoys perfect liberty, has as much money as she wants, can do what she likes with her jewellery, receives her letters duly, knows nothing of her "next friend," and never had any communication with him; has the most entire confidence in her father, and the greatest love and affection for him and Strackosch, "both of whom have always treated me with the most affectionate kindness," and that she is perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements they see fit to make for her. But she not only flings her "next friend" overboard; she stabs at the heart of Henri de Lossy, Baron de Ville. "Every one who knows me," writes that gentleman to the *Daily Telegraph*, "will pity Miss Patti, when she could be induced to swear that she did not believe that I entertained honourable intentions to her." Now it is all very well for Mademoiselle to back up those under whose influence she is living, and we should be glad to think that indeed she is treated as such a charming little Patti should be treated. But forty affidavits, even if she was to sing them to us, couldn't make us believe that any sane English, Irish, or Scotch gentleman would go before the Court of Chancery with such a monstrous fabrication as she imputes to Mr. Macdonald. *Cui bono?* What could he gain by it? What imaginable interest could he have in making an ass of himself, befooling the Court of Chancery, and running the risk of being sent to prison for contempt? No, no, Adelina Maria Johanna Clorinda Patti, we can't credit it. Think of the letters of which Mr. Macdonald's solicitors speak, wherein your own little hand traced the narrative of your wrongs from that "dear father" and estimable brother-in-law whom you now so piously bolster up. Think of Henri, for he, too, bears witness against you. "The affection," he writes, "at one time was sincere; but Strackosch and S. Patti, who had a momentary interest at stake, were determined it should not last." Was it they who put it into your head that his intentions were not honourable? Hear what he says of you in his letter to the *Telegraph*:—

"Whether she was so prevailed upon, or whether she did this of her own free will, I was at once determined to give up all thoughts of a person who could break off an engagement in this libellous and perfidious manner. I beg, therefore, that you will give it the utmost publicity that there is not the remotest probability of my marrying Miss Patti, and some day it may be an impossibility."

We shall not blame Mdle. Patti very severely for her conduct in this affair. It is tolerably clear to us that, whether justly or not, she did, in letters to some friend or friends, accuse her father and brother-in-law of severity; and that when Mr. Macdonald, with a promptness which shows that the spirit of chivalry is not dead, came unasked to her rescue, the influence of her family over a young and inexperienced girl was strong enough to make her eat up her letters with an affidavit. But if natural affection surviving ill-treatment, or the influence of Signor Patti and his son-in-law

were strong enough to induce her to shield them from the allegations of Mr. Macdonald, what on earth could be her reason for casting a disgraceful imputation on the honour of the Baron? He appears to have acted with perfect good faith, and, having wealth of his own, was willing that the lady's should be settled upon herself. Without any apparent justification, Mademoiselle puts an end to their engagement, impugns his honour, and refuses to give him back his letters. And so ends the "Patti Romance." The heroine waves a signal of distress; but when the knight gallops up, with his trusty squire the Vice-Chancellor, to the castle in which she is imprisoned, and offers to set her free, she tells him to begone, that she knows nothing of him, wants none of his services, and is not the love-lorn maiden she at first pretended to be. To say the least, this is shabby.

THE SICK MAN AND HIS HEIRS.

FOR the last hundred and fifty years the Eastern question has been a source of perplexity to statesmen, and a pretext for the promulgation of many foolish political theories. The dissolution of the Turkish Empire has been regarded as a constant menace and imminent danger to the peace of Europe. Still the danger seems no nearer after this lapse of time, and rarely has there been a fitter and apter illustration of the truth of the proverb that "threatened men live long." The sick man is not dead. Yet it is precisely now, when the prophecy of evil appears to have been falsified, and to have recoiled on the heads of its authors, that certain English politicians have chosen to prognosticate ill to Turkey, and to seek to obtain a complete reversal of English policy towards the Porte—an ingenious mode to insure the fulfilment of their vaticinations. It must be admitted that the occasion is not quite *à propos*. It is sought to change the policy of this country just as it is on the point of bearing fruit, and when the capital, trade, and civilization of Western Christendom have commenced to improve the condition of the Sultan's dominions, and to grapple with the prejudices of Islam. Last Friday Mr. Gregory and Mr. Cobden denounced reform in the East as a sham; they declared the Sultan was a fanatical bigot, a spendthrift, and too obstinate to follow the counsels of others, a hater of Western ideas, and a gross sensualist. These gentlemen, unintentionally no doubt, made themselves the organs of the calumnies of the Perotes—a community that has acquired pre-eminence for lying among the mendacious populations of the Levant. Whether by accident or design, the Sultan has given a practical refutation to these calumnies by appointing Fuad Pasha Grand Vizier. This nomination is far more significant than it may at first appear, for Fuad represents the party which desires to break away from the ignorant traditions of Mohammedanism. But if we leave aside the *caneans* of embassies, and the falsehoods that circulate in the *cafés* of Pera, to deal with the few facts that transpire to public knowledge, Abdul Aziz appears more liberal in his ideas than any of his predecessors. One act of his alone, now forgotten, speaks volumes in favour of his humanity and of his subjection to the influence of Western ideas. Instead of following the inviolable custom of previous Sultans—which had come to be looked on as a law of political necessity for the State's safety, and which, indeed, had been borrowed from the practice of the Greek Emperors—of slaying the relatives of former occupants of the throne, and all whom it was imagined might be competitors for it, Abdul Aziz spared the lives of the children of his brother, and has taken them into his favour. It is true that the late Sultan also spared the life of his brother's child, which shows that a good deed is not lost. We are not inclined to attach more importance than they deserve to these humane departures from the laws of the Ottoman State, but when it is asserted that the Turk is unchanged in ignorance and cruelty, we cannot fail to remember these things, and to compare them with the murder of his own children during a long series of years by Mahmud (the father of the last and present Sultans), simply to keep his throne, by rendering it impossible for those who might wish to depose him to find a successor of the family except in some remote Tartar tribe. Are not the sons better than the father? and are we justified in maintaining that the Turks are unchangeable, or it is waste of time and effort to seek to bring them within the influence of modern civilization, as was stated in Parliament last week? Whether the attempts to induce Mohammedans to adopt our civilization will be completely successful it would be presumptuous to pretend to say, but there can be no doubt as to the desirability of endeavouring to make them wiser and happier; or as to the impolicy and gross inhumanity of seeking to discourage these endeavours. To tell a nation,

because their religion is different from our own, that they are doomed to destruction, that it would be a benefit to mankind if their race were extirpated, and that we rejoice at, while we impatiently wait for, their disappearance from among us, is as little in accordance with the precepts of our faith as it is ill calculated to induce them to follow our advice or to win their confidence and esteem.

A certain king of Aragon was wont to say that, had he been consulted at the creation of the world, its affairs would have been more simply and better ordered than they are; Providence would have been saved an infinite deal of trouble, and mankind would be happier. In a similar spirit of regret that things had not been ordered otherwise than they were, and in the presumption that they can judge what would have been best for mankind, Mr. Gregory, and those who think with him, speak of the establishment of the Turks in Europe. We may agree with Mr. Gladstone that "he would be a very bold man indeed who was prepared to contend that their (Turks') conquests and dominions have been favourable to the happiness of mankind or the progress of civilization." But would he not be a bolder or more ignorant man who was prepared to contend that the dominion of the Turks may not have been the corrective of a still greater evil, and that it will not ultimately issue in good? The Turkish dominion over Christians in Europe exists not by any omission or commission of this generation. Are we to strive to overthrow it by the sword, as is the Russian policy; or to seek by moderate and friendly councils to win over the Turk to civilization, and to render his Government not intolerable, not too grievous to be borne by our fellow-believers, or by Jews, or even by Moslems, in obedience to the traditional policy of England and France? We speak of the policy of France being identical in its chief features with that of this country, although several speakers in this debate as good as said that it was antagonistic, and Mr. Cobden declared that Lord Palmerston stood alone in the opinion that the Turks are progressing in civilization. Whatever may have been the belief of individual French statesmen, they have always dealt with the Turkish Empire as a permanent establishment, even earlier and more pointedly than we did. Francis I. entered into amicable relations with the great Solymán to the scandal of Rome, and to the vexation of his rival, whose son destroyed the Turkish fleet at Lepanto. Though Napoleon attempted the conquest of Egypt, he resisted all the seductions of Alexander to consent to the partition of Turkey. And his successor but recently took up arms with ourselves, and with the entire concurrence of Western Europe, to resist and prevent the destruction of the Turkish Empire. Really, it is denying not only the experience of the past, but also the lessons of the present, to pretend that all first-class European statesmen, with the exception of Lord Palmerston, regard the Empire of the Sultan as an ephemeral thing.

While contending that in their main principles the policy of England and the policy of France are identical, we admit that there are points of difference in minor matters, and referring less to the question of empire than to the relative positions of various sects which are subject to it. France claims to be the protector of Christians in the East, and a very mischievous claim it is; but is not so obtrusive with respect to the Christians in European Turkey. There the would-be protector is the czar, who also claims to protect the Greek Christians of Asia Minor. It has never been the policy of this country to make any such claims, but it has unceasingly sought to induce the Sultan to give his subjects entire religious toleration and perfect equality before the law, without distinction of creed, and to adopt those improvements and administrative reforms deemed best calculated to ameliorate the condition of all who owe him allegiance. In Mr. Gladstone's eloquent vindication—eloquent because singularly truthful and moderate—of what he was pleased to term "the ancient policy of this country," he defined the rules that had guided, and ought to guide, our intercourse with the Ottoman empire. They are, he said, to uphold the civil rights of Christian subjects—not to the exclusion of the condition of Mahomedan subjects of the Porte from regard; to recognize improvements that had been made, and to endeavour to develop the energies and lead forward the spirit of improvement, rather by gentle means than by force. We are not to hold language that will tend to render the existing authority in Turkey despicable in the eyes of its own subjects, but to leave to Christian and Mussulman, as far as in our power, a fair and open stage, and to discourage all attempts and acts for the repression of their energies. Such has been the ancient policy of this country, which Lord Palmerston has had the honour to carry out more fully than any of his predecessors, and which unprejudiced Englishmen are prepared to uphold.

It was a great mistake for the enemies of the Turkish empire to speak of it as though it were confined to Europe, and to represent our alliance with it as the support of a cruel despotism for the benefit of three millions of pagans, to the injury of twelve millions of Christians; for the empire extends into Asia, and there the proportion of Mussulmans and Christians is reversed, while it is merely the Asiatic Christian subjects of the Porte that demand our watchful care, since the European Christian subjects, besides being in a majority, are, from their position and other causes, able to take care of themselves or to escape from oppression. In dealing with this question, it is absolutely necessary to treat the Empire as a whole, which it really is. When the traditional policy of this country is recommended to be abandoned, and its aid solicited to provoke the dissolution of the Turkish Empire, it is not unreasonable to require to be furnished with a substitute. Among the numerous modes proposed for solving the Eastern Question, by destroying what exists, there is not one that suggests leaving the various races and different sects to govern themselves, or to select their own form of government. The Greeks think, if they had Constantinople, they might revive the Byzantine Empire; but they would not accept Asia Minor with it, great as are their pretensions and boundless as is their ambition. Austria would be glad to add the Principalities to her territory and to obtain a seaboard; but her habitual caution would not allow her to cross the narrow sea. Russia hungers for Constantinople and the Danubian provinces, and would like to possess Palestine; but she would not accept the rest of the inheritance of the "sick man." The Pacha of Egypt might not hesitate to add Syria to his dominions, were he permitted to do so; but it would be as much as he could do to maintain himself there, to the exhaustion in men and money of Egypt. France, to carry out the schemes of the first Napoleon, and for no other reason, would gladly annex Syria, and even Egypt and Tunis, to Algeria, were she permitted to establish herself on the road to India; but with the experience of what it has cost to encamp less than 200,000 French soldiers in Algeria, and notwithstanding the national boast about converting the Mediterranean into a French lake, she would refuse to incur the cost and undertake the labour of maintaining order over the wild tribes and fierce sects that inhabit Asiatic Turkey. As for England, not one inch of territory would she accept, for she has enough and to spare of colonial empire, glory, and political influence; so that the solution of the Eastern question by the partition of the Empire is impracticable in the present state of Europe, and it is equally impossible to find among the subjects of the Ottomans a race to take their place at the seat of government. Were the Empire to perish and there to be no intervention, all the races would be at war with each other. How long do those who desire this catastrophe suppose Greeks and Slaves would be at peace, and how long would last their struggles to establish their respective empires? Who can doubt what would be the fate of the three millions of Mussulmans seated in European Turkey and left to the mercy of their Christian neighbours? And how long would the Greek and Latin Churches renounce the disgraceful disputes in which they now indulge? It is not to be supposed that the Mussulmans of Asia would hesitate to exact a bloody vengeance, from the Christian communities that dwell in their midst, for the loss of empire and the sufferings of their co-religionists in Europe. There would be none to prevent the Maronite of the Lebanon from slaying the Druse, nor the Druse from slaughtering the Maronite of the Hauran. Christian and Moslem, though they agreed in nothing else, would unite to persecute and pillage the Jew. The Bedouin, like a true son of Ishmael, would prey on all indiscriminately. And the destruction of the Turkish empire, until a native race had grown up capable of undertaking the task of government, would be the signal for letting loose bloodshed and rapine over the fairest portion of the earth.

THE SPECULATION MANIA.

If ever a speculative saturnalia has been witnessed in almost defunct and depreciated stock, it has occurred within hail of the Bank of England in the course of the last few months. That huge, imposing monitor, with all its financial knowledge and skill, is unable to repress the mania, and is compelled to remain the passive beholder of its vagaries. It is curious to trace the order of operation in these foreign securities, and to notice upon what slight grounds business at first takes place, which, maturing with activity, leads to the strong inflation invariably preceding a collapse. The history of these things, if looked into, especially in detail, presents circumstances and facts not only instructive and amusing, but which show the deep passion created for Stock Exchange gambling when once it sets in. Nothing can more strongly

illustrate this than the late operations in Turkish Consolidés, Greek and Spanish passives and certificates. It would be a visit well worth the trouble of any West-end lounge to go into the City and see how these things are done. It would scarcely be imagined that within a stone's throw of the Royal Exchange millions, in figures, are hourly changing hands with much less noise and excitement than that which prevails at Tattersall's on settling days. True, there is a certain hurry-scurry down Bartholomew-lane; the weird and eager looks of many of the speculators in Throgmorton-street denote at once that some interesting activity is afoot, and the thickening crowd in Lothbury, with the various small groups debating prices, indicate the existence of some kind of dealing; but the actual course of affairs could never be divined until made the subject of investigation under the tutelage of some initiated friend.

Perhaps as a speculation in every sense of the word, the introduction of the Turkish Kaimés or Consolidés has been the most successful of any known since the appearance of Ottoman securities upon the European money-market. At one time they were so depreciated as to be hardly negotiable in the Exchange bazaar at Constantinople, and, being part of the internal debt, it was never supposed that they could recover until the institution of the Imperial State Bank should bring about a financial reformation. But in a lucky moment two or three English and Parisian operators hit on the experiment of importing a quantity to this country, not as a sound or *bona fide* security, but as a questionable commodity, which, bought at one price, might sell at another, and leave a fair margin of profit. The experiment was made, the endeavour succeeded, but, for a time, the Consolidé as a security was far from popular. Prejudice ran high against it, for the dividend on former issues had not always been paid, but had, from time to time, been postponed and added to the principal. It was admitted that the interest was six per cent., payable in the celebrated *Medji d'or*, or about 18s. to the pound sterling, but then it was argued that Turkish finance was weak, and, without an assignment of special securities, the imperial treasury would be only too glad, if necessity required it, to shirk the responsibility if it interfered with the punctual performance of obligations in other directions. Thus for many months the price suffered the blight of a damaged reputation; and this was magnified by the holders of other Turkish securities, who dreaded the competition of the cheaper stock and the ardour exhibited in pushing it in the market.

The chief difficulty was to get the quotation above 35. First brought forward at about 29 and 30, the value before long advanced to 32, but between this point and 35 there was a temporary stand. Fresh issues, it was said, could be made; and the arrival of different parcels led to the inference that their manufacture would be indefinitely prolonged. Fluctuation among the dealers quickly followed. But the original importers did not flinch; they had engaged in the traffic, and having tasted a handsome profit, were prepared, in the words of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, to support the market. And support it they did, with such confidence that the bonds themselves were delivered with such a shout of derision that it threatened to interfere with their stability. Tattooed all over with the Turkish character, and surmounted with the emblazoned crescent of the Osmanli, they were so different from any other current class of security, that the public—the timid public, many of whom had bought without in reality knowing what they were purchasing—fancied they had been victimized. Eventually, however, the feeling of doubt diminished, investments became frequent, and from 35 they gradually but steadily made their way to 40. From this period Turkish Consolidés have maintained a position, not unchequered by variation, but still tending upward; and the favourable accounts of the forthcoming budget, which, nevertheless, remain to be realized, assisted to support their value. They have been quoted as high as 56; and though at the moment not better than 57½ ex div., or about 54½, this is, on the whole, an advance of no less in round numbers than 24 per cent., compared with the price at which they were ushered into the London market. Without attempting to decide upon their merits as an investment—for time alone can ascertain that point—it must be allowed that they have been a fruitful source of profit to the Anglo-French and German operators who possessed confidence enough to make them the centre of their transactions. But, as in all similar adventures, the original parties have long since retired from the field. They had the good sense to sell out when the quotations ranged from 40 to 45, believing that they had secured the greatest part of the rise. Having made, as it is strongly asserted they have, at least £200,000 from this stroke of business, they have been content to let their other colleagues in the Exchange take the remainder of the advance, believing as they

wisely do that the price may be carried too high, and that if a reaction should take place it will probably prove disastrous.

We now come to Greek securities. Owing to the indebtedness of the State, amounting to several millions, these were never dealt in, and hardly even thought of, until the dethronement of Otho. From that time they came into favour with the speculators, who pretended to anticipate great prosperity from the development of the country under a new and beneficent rule; as if the errors of a quarter of a century could be rectified in one or two years. Surely this must have been the hope of men who, concluding engagements in the Five per Cents at $8\frac{1}{2}$ and 9—the quotation immediately after the outbreak of the Revolution—are prepared now to give 33 to 34. Admit that the circumstances of the country are greatly altered, where, after all, is the foundation for this very important improvement? Perhaps the best solution is the old one,—the existence of a speculation *furor*. Ask those who evince such faith in the future of Greece on what grounds they base their expectations, and they tell you that the debt is to be settled on a one per cent. basis; there is also to be a National Bank,—nothing now can be done without a bank,—and a system of railways and irrigation-works will complete the programme of financial prosperity. Without doubt this looks well upon paper. But why do men shut their eyes to the struggle that must be made to accomplish this long course of pecuniary recuperation? *Caveat emptor* was never more applicable than in this case; and though we are quite prepared to go along with those who believe in the regeneration of Greece, still it must not be imagined that, under the happiest auspices, there will be a speedy return to financial regularity. Certainly the Greeks themselves are not so sanguine of general peace and plenty as many of our English operators. That their debt would be settled at the Greek Kalends had passed into a proverb. Recent events show more favourable prospects, but they have yet to be realized.

Of all the movements that have taken place recently at the Stock Exchange, perhaps the most legitimate is the advance in Spanish passives and Spanish certificates. Not that this is to be attributed to any real desire on the part of the Court of Madrid to mete out justice to the foreign debtor, or to the unsullied character of the hands into which a part of the negotiation has fallen. It is simply the consequence of the improved appearance of the country, the satisfactory increase in the revenue, and the necessity of the financial authorities adopting an honest policy, in order to secure the introduction of capital for territorial improvements. In consequence of the disgraceful conduct of Spain to her foreign creditors, the quotations of any new securities have long been excluded from the European Bourses, and being thus prevented from availing herself of the advantages of railways and other public works, she will be compelled before long to adopt measures to restore her credit. The national property set apart for the liquidation of the passive debt has never been properly applied. The balance has largely accumulated, and, if regularly dealt with, the stock should be redeemed at a much more elevated price than at present. But although these circumstances have been well known, it required a speculative epoch to give the debt an efficient impetus. This it has received, and the quotation has now been carried 10 or 12 per cent. in advance. If the thing is not overdone by time bargaining, and if the old stagers are not too precipitate in their action, a favourable issue may be attained. But diplomacy will be necessary, and the next or the succeeding Cortes may have to sit their term before the end is accomplished. The indication furnished by the enhanced price offered at the monthly biddings at Madrid is evidence that the pressure from without is being felt. Advantage will be taken of this, and the seed sown must eventually bear good fruit. The certificate question is another matter of moment. Whether an adjustment will precede the Spanish settlement, or only follow it, is a matter of trifling consequence; it must come, though *ad interim* frequent variations may be expected. When those things shall have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion, Castilian honour will no longer be a byword or reproach, and, with the assistance of local improvements, the glory of old Spain may be revived.

The practical lesson to be deduced from what we have said is, that deferred investments may at particular seasons be obtained at cheap and moderate prices—that by a current of speculation their value may be taken up far above their intrinsic worth, and that when the *furor* subsides a ruinous reaction is probable. On entering into business of this description, it is advisable that individuals should purchase only as much as they can conveniently hold, without risk to themselves or the parties with whom they deal; for in speculating, *i.e.*, buying for the rise or selling for the fall, they may “be cut to pieces” or ruined by a convulsion.

BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS FOR GOVERNESSES.

“WANTED a Governess” was the title of a song with which Mr. John Parry amused the public so many years ago that it is difficult to conceive that he is identical with the youthful gentleman who now performs nightly at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent-street. The burden of that song was only indirectly complimentary to the governess; but, directly, it was uncomplimentary to the governed and their parents, and it spoke of so many hardships and so few rewards as to remind one of the youth mentioned in “Pickwick,” who, when he had got to the end of the alphabet, expressed a doubt as to whether it was worth while going through so much to gain so little. It is to be hoped that the progress and advancement which have attended most other callings since that time have not turned aside from the paths of those ladies who earn a livelihood by industry as honourable and as useful as any to which a woman could devote herself, and that it is the rare exception, rather than the rule, for people to require the services of a gentlewoman on the salary, or rather the wages, of a maid-of-all-work. If so, those ladies who want governesses, and who do not form the above exception, may lay aside their advertisements as Mr. Parry has dropped his song, for, without the aid of newspapers or “educational agencies,” they may secure instructors for their children and valuable companions for themselves. Governesses, too, need not always accept bad situations when they are out of employment, nor always starve when they can get no employment at all, and have no money and no personal friends, or when they have grown too old for work, as all men and women must grow who live long lives. There are three institutions in London, two of which are conducted so as to mutually assist governesses and those who have need to employ them, while a third gives a peaceful refuge to those instructors of youth whom old age has rendered incapable of doing their customary work.

All these institutions have been in existence for some considerable time, but the majority of readers are probably unacquainted not only with their distinctive features, but with their very existence. Yet there are few institutions with higher claims to consideration and assistance, or by which good objects are more fairly and successfully carried out. They are the Residence or Temporary Home for Governesses, the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the Asylum for Aged Governesses, which is simply a branch of the Benevolent Institution. The Residence, or Temporary Home, claims, in its reports, the precedence over the others on the point of old age—a rather novel claim to put forward where ladies are concerned—a position which it is, no doubt, warranted in assuming from the fact that its rival, which first saw the light about the same time as itself, or even a little earlier, *viz.*, 1841, lay dormant for some two years soon after its birth, and then started into life again. The Residence is situated in Devonshire-terrace, Regent's-park; and while it is only capable of harbouring about twenty governesses at one time, it yet accommodates some two hundred in the course of the year. Its shelter, like that of the kindred institution, may be sought and accepted by any lady without the loss of personal dignity, and the words “temporary home” declare its characteristics with exactness. Its pretensions are modest. It professes to find, so far as the means at its disposal allow, “a safe, comfortable, and Christian home for governesses when out of employment.” The usual term of residence is three months, which may be extended, under exceptional circumstances, to six, but not beyond that period. And for this asylum, which furnishes board as well as lodging, each lady entering pays thirteen shillings a week. It is a respectable sum for a poor lady to pay; she may pay it and live without feeling her independence in the least sacrificed, knowing that she could live elsewhere on as little or even less. Yet her thirteen shillings a week would not pay for her board and lodging in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, nor could she in any other part of the town obtain the same comforts, conveniences, and advantages in return for that small and yet anything but despicable sum of money. The Temporary Home has, therefore, to depend upon the public, to some extent, for its support; and it is with reluctance that one takes a very broad hint, in the last report issued by the committee, that, if that support is not more freely given than it has been, the institution must be altogether closed. That women can be cosmopolitan as well as men is evinced by the fact that, during the year 1861, of the 135 governesses admitted to this, an English institution, 65 were Englishwomen and 70 foreigners; and, from the reports before us, we arrive at the conclusion that, though thirteen shillings a week is a sum sufficient to find a governess with most desirable board

and lodging, it is yet inadequate to provide for rent and taxes, to say nothing of washing and mangling, respecting which the committee makes no sign at all. But, besides being a home for governesses who are temporarily out of employment, the institution might be, if it were sufficiently well known, one of the best "register offices" for governesses, and so save those advertisements, which furnished Mr. John Parry with a title for his song. In this respect, however, and in some others, it stands side by side with the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the claims of both, where they are identical, must be urged together.

The Benevolent Institution for Governesses is more ambitious in its objects—at all events its operations are more extensive—and its last report is more buoyant in tone. It provides—1, assistance to ladies in temporary distress; 2, annuities for those past work; 3, a provident fund for self-provided annuities, including also a savings-bank; 4, a home for the disengaged; 5, a system of registration, free of all expense; 6, an asylum for the aged. It cannot be denied that each of these objects is excellent in itself; but it depends upon the public whether all, or any of them, shall be carried out in their integrity. An institution with such aims cannot possibly be self-supporting; charity, which we are told is greater than faith or hope, must supplement its very best efforts. Those who need temporary assistance, for instance, cannot help themselves to it, and there are few classes of Englishwomen more likely to need such assistance than the class of governesses. Not the least interesting items of the report which lies before us consist of a statement of the circumstances under which this temporary assistance has been sought. Thus, we are told of one governess, who, suffering from cancer, and having only £20 a year to live upon, was brought to London during her "holidays," cured at the Sanatorium, and sent back to her work, free of any cost to herself; of another who, losing her situation through ill-health, was compelled to part with her wardrobe, on which account she could not have accepted another situation when it offered itself, but for the aid of this institution; and there are innumerable cases in which the maintenance of an invalid sister, efforts to uphold a father in business, the support of a mother out of scanty earnings, or a break-down of physical and mental power from over-exertion, have forced estimable women to seek the "temporary assistance" of this society, since the institution of which, up to the issue of the report for 1862, 2,141 ladies had been thus aided. In 1862, alone, the applications were 916, and the grants 546. The elective annuities to aged governesses must, of course, depend entirely upon the public, not only for the number of annuities, but for the amount of each annuity. They vary in amount, according to the generosity or the giving power of donors; and in 1862 there were eighty-one governesses receiving annuities of £20, seventeen receiving annuities of £25, and one governess receiving an annuity of £100, besides recipients of intermediate sums. The Provident Fund is called an "unobtrusive branch." Certainly it is a very pleasing one, and it is gratifying to learn that 479 ladies have, by their own providence, earned annuities for themselves. The Savings-bank department has been very successful in its time, but the Post-office has probably played havoc with it of late, as it has with other savings-banks. The Home, which is in Harley-street, strongly resembles that provided by the institution just named, the inmates paying a certain sum for board and lodging. It appears that, in the course of sixteen years, upwards of 3,000 ladies availed themselves of its shelter, and that 226 resided there during the year 1862, besides 114 who found engagements whilst "awaiting a vacancy." The asylum for the aged is a quiet and pleasant retreat at Kentish-town, where provision is made for twenty-two gentlewomen, only five of whom, when the last report was issued, were under three-score and ten, while three were upwards of eighty years of age. The age for admission is sixty, and the inmates are wholly maintained out of the funds of the institution.

Sufficient has been said, we trust, to show not only the excellent intentions, but the real usefulness of these institutions, and the thought which suggests itself that they might easily be amalgamated, with advantage to both, is not to be taken as in any way disparaging to either. One feature which they possess in common we had strongly in view when we mentioned Mr. Parry and his celebrated song, which is that they are not only "homes," but register offices. No one is admitted to their benefits without testimonials which would admit them to the most respectable households in the kingdom, and any lady who wants a "guide, philosopher, and friend" for her children need not utter that hackneyed cry, "Wanted a governess." A line to the secretary or the superintendent of either of the institutions we have named will be sufficient to provide her offspring with all the guardianship, philosophy, and friendship she or they can reasonably require.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS, BY PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY.*

MR. WORSLEY'S admirable translation of the "Odyssey" has gained him so many friends that the present volume of his poems is certain to meet with a kindly welcome. Most of them, he tells us, were written some years ago, but evidently not before he had much "travelled in the realms of gold," and long breathed the pure serene of that wide expanse which deep-browed Homer rules. The influence which the early masters of song have had upon his thoughts and feelings is constantly apparent, and somewhat of their larger utterance makes itself heard in his language. He shows a tendency by nature to indulge in brooding over past joys, or in anticipating possible sorrows, which might have led him to waste away his strength in complainings, if he had chosen other models or studied in a different clime. But the clear skies and fresh sea breezes of the Ægean have a magic power in dispelling sombre fancies and gloomy forebodings, and, even if they cannot make the nerves respond to "the wild joys of living," they prevent them from being so keenly sensitive to pain as are those of the man who spends a dreamy life, dwelling "amid the ruins of his heart."

The first of the original poems contained in Mr. Worsley's volume is also the best. It tells the story of Phaethon in a style which reminds us sometimes of Homer, sometimes of Ovid, and often of Keats, but which is in any case excellent. There is little that is Homeric, but there is much to admire, in such descriptions as that of the Seasons:—

"Spring flowery-zoned, and Summer wreath'd with corn,
Autumn with vine-blood splash'd from heel to thigh,
And Winter, bending over beard of snow;"

Or such lines as—

"There, in mid' choir, the orb of Artemis,
Lamp of the night, hung silvern, like that moon
Watched through her tears by a deserted maid
All night, who never tires of watching it,
But feigns a friendliness in that cold eye,
That only feeling heart in all the world."

And again, speaking of Apollo reposing after the labour of the day—

"For indeed,
Couched in those large and melancholy eyes,
Brooded an awful emphasis of rest,
That tranquil self-perfection, without pain,
Which in their far-off musings, mortal men,
Though eloquently nurtured, find no name
Wherewith to name, not even in sacred verse."

But the words which the gods utter, and the descriptions of what they do, are conceived and expressed in the true antique spirit. Very rich and glowing with colour is the picture of Apollo's chariot.

"Itself a sun,
Wrought from metallic ores unutterable;
And all the streaming surface intersown
With rainbow flames of keen-eyed jewellery,
And the long burnished axle thick with gold,
And wheels, a countless order, each like each,
Armed with a central star, and diamond-rimmed."

Phaethon mounts the car and at first—

"He passed
Safe on his course, and all the heaven drank light,
And touched with splendour, wine-dark ocean smiled,
Heaving with ships, black hull and snow-white sail;
And each land went to its accustomed work,
Of peace where peace, and war where there was war,
Nor omen of disaster rose at all."

Until he neared the noonday summit. Then the divine steeds flagged a little, and he became discontented.

"Till, hungered with hot zeal, he seized the thong;
Then whirled it, curling it beneath the flank
Of the two vanward; thence with sharp recoil
Crossing the arched necks of the hindmost two.
And lo! the sudden insult dug like steel
Into the one heart of the fiery four.
They in a moment knew the vulgar hands
That held them, and their lordly eyes wept fire
For anger at the ungenerous pilotage;
And each dilated nostril panted fire,
And the sides, heaving through their sleek expanse,
Stared with a noble horror, foaming fire;
While, raving up the causeway, hoof and wheel,
With screams and anvil-thunder, a deafening din,
Rained earthward and to heaven a storm of fire.
So to the summit, from whose brows the team,
Thrice-maddening, prone adown the diamond arc
Swept, and a triple whirlwind of white fire,
Blown skyward, sloped upon the charioteer."

These extracts will be sufficient to show the great merit of the

* Poems and Translations. By Philip Stanhope Worsley. Blackwood & Sons.

poem. None of its companions are equal to it, but there are passages of great beauty in many of them. "Narcissus" belongs almost entirely to the modern school of Greek poetry, being "most musical, most melancholy." Here are some very beautiful lines from it—

"And all about him snatches of old songs,
Heard in old hours among the Oréades,
Mixed with a meaning never felt before,
Floated—dark legends of mysterious love
Unhappy, and of hope for ever fallen,
Fallen for ever, like his own—and still
Haunted him more than all a simple strain
Sung by Liriopè, the naïad-nymph,
His mother, how a maiden golden-haired,
Trusting to treachery and led by love,
Followed a stranger from her father's halls:
'She like a rose just opening into bloom,
Which one hath paused in passing to admire,
Anon hath gathered, and against his heart
Worn for a little hour, then cast away
For ever, and remembers it no more;
But all the while it lieth where it fell,
Silently drooping on an alien earth,
Alone, unpitied of the passers-by;
Nor any more availeth that the showers
Strive with sweet influences to lend it life,
And golden suns caress it as of old;
Not to have been in native loveliness
First among flowers availeth any more,
So lowly doth it lie, so far hath fallen.'"

Mr. Worsley is especially happy in his use of simile. Some of the images he introduces are worthy of Homer himself, being as simple and natural, and yet as carefully finished, as those with which that mighty artist has enriched the world. He has studied nature carefully, and he draws his most striking illustrations from the little life around him of bird and flower and tree. We may take as an instance the following passage from the poem called "Edith," in which he has described the misery of a girl whose lover has betrayed and then abandoned her, but who finds, in her hour of deepest anguish, the consolation of a mother's love.

"As when a heartless child for self-delight
Hath stolen a little nestling from the nest,
And loves it with a cruel careless love,
And promises to hoard it for his own,
Till in the sunset, growing tired of play,
He casts it from him as a worthless thing,
And leaves it cowering on the naked earth,
Bruised on the breast, and cold, and all alone—
But in the twilight comes the mother-bird
And brings it food, and strives to make it eat,
And with such shelter as the place provides
Fences it from the night that cometh on;
But all in vain—for never shall she hear
That voice among the voices of the bowers,
Never behold the little wings outspread
Drinking new vigour from the vernal suns—
Like to that bird, in such a lonely doom,
Lay Edith, tended by a mother's love."

The poem from which these lines are taken is a good illustration of Mr. Worsley's strong and weak points. It is tender and pathetic, but it is wanting in dramatic power. It abounds in rich imagery, but it is deficient in life. It suffices to give expression to the half unconsciously uttered complaints of the broken-hearted girl, but it utterly fails to render the passionate outcry of her mother's despair. But we prefer to dwell on Mr. Worsley's merits, rather than to spy out his short-comings, and with the following extract we take leave of the original poems contained in this volume:—

"As one who, torn with sickness and slow pain,
Lies whisperless with horror all night long,
And ever in the ghostly flicker of light
Quails with a doubtful death-stare in his eyes;
But when the shivering wind blows chill with dawn,
And the grey stealth of twilight with pale feet
Treads on the listless hills, or half in fear
Feels tremblingly about the dark ravine,
While the lone eagle from her sunless rock,
Veiled in the wet smoke of the rushing streams,
Stirs through the cold a hollow cry far off—
Sad Echo wails—that moment the sick man
Feels the tense nerves relaxing, and the brain
Showered on by sweetness of Elysian dews;
Then marble-mute, with the white-breasted smile
Of simple childhood wreathing his wan lips,
Lies stirless in the murmurings of the morn,
And stirless in the golden afternoon,
Till, when the sun's red splendour sinks at eve,
He, fresh from dream of flowers and resonant rills,
Opens wide eyes rejoicing, saved by sleep—
As life's rich tumult seemeth sweet to him,
Thus in her dying sweet was death to her,
To Edith, when she passed from the cold earth."

The translations are somewhat disappointing, but of this result the excellence of Mr. Worsley's "Odyssey" is probably the cause. He has so thoroughly succeeded in his rendering of Homer, that we are perhaps induced to expect too great a perfection in the versions of other poets which he now offers us. But however this

may be, it is certain that many of the passages are far from satisfactory. The Latin poets have fared especially ill, and some of their verses are neither elegantly nor literally translated. Take for example the familiar stanza from Horace, commencing "Auream quisquis, &c." Mr. Worsley turns it into:—

"That man who in his soul hath seen
How lovely is the golden mean,
He lacks the wretchedness unclean
Of used-up walls;
He lacks, in soberness serene,
Wealth's envied halls."

Here we have the word *tutus* entirely omitted, and *diligat* expanded into "in his soul hath seen how lovely is." "Used-up walls" is an expression which conveys little or no meaning. To *lack* means to be in want of, not to be free from; and the phrase "in soberness serene," sounds like a teetotaler's motto.

The translations of sacred pieces are not disfigured by any equally conspicuous blemishes, but, with the exception of the "Dies Ire," which is excellently rendered, they scarcely do justice to the force and vigour, the ardour and the enthusiasm, of their originals. We need not quote any passages from them. There is so much that is good in Mr. Worsley's book that it would be an unfair and an ungrateful action to call attention to its weaker portion. Those who wish to know how he can translate should read his "Odyssey," if they have not already done so. It cannot fail to impress them with the very highest idea of his poetic merits, and such poems as "Phaethon" and "Narcissus" will give them additional reason for their favourable opinion.

A RESIDENCE IN GEORGIA.*

WHENEVER the civil war in America comes to an end—and with present appearances he would be a bold man who would undertake to prophesy when that will be—the sympathy which the South has undoubtedly enjoyed in this country will end with it. It has made an unexpected stand against superior forces, and has supplied the want of arms and equipments by that pluck which always commands the respect of Englishmen; and it has followed up an obstinate resistance by a series of victories splendid, though incomplete. Much of our good will it has also owed to the pertinacity the North has displayed in its endeavours to lose it. But behind all this there is the vast crime of slavery which England will not and dares not forgive, and for which the South will have to atone either by putting an end to it, or by enduring the shame and disgrace of its existence. There is no plea that can be invented which will even soften our detestation of an institution so repugnant to our feelings as citizens, as Christians, as men. We cannot be satisfied by being told that the negro's condition is more tolerable in the South than in the Free States, though the argument has its force as a satire upon the hypocritical professions of the republicans, and the claim made by the North upon the sympathies of Europe in right of a war waged against slaveholders. But this is an advantage which will end when the war ends, and which even now carries no satisfaction to the breasts of men who neither enslave negroes nor proscribe them. Nor is it to the purpose, even if it were true, to object that the condition of the slave well fed, well housed and clothed, by a master whose kindness is guaranteed by his interest, is preferable in a material point of view to the condition of many of our own paupers. Such an argument would go as well to prove that it is better to be a gentleman's horse or a lady's lapdog than to be a human being. But even this plea for slavery represents a state of things which, though it may be found on some slave estates, is certainly not found on all, and we have reason to believe is rare upon very many. Nor is the interest of the owner a guarantee for the kind treatment of the slave, though it may be for his life. A very brutal flogging, for example, will not permanently incapacitate a slave from work, nor need a tolerably severe one interrupt his labour for more time than it takes to inflict it. But were there no flogging at all, and were the creature comforts of the negro all that negro or white man could desire, there remains the loss of freedom, and of all that depends upon it. Not a merely sentimental loss. It includes the right to everything that can minister to the wants of mind, body, and soul; a man's right to the profit of his labour, to his wife and child, to the education of his mind, to the consolations of religion. When we read in Mrs. Kemble's journal of a slave being whipped for having asked permission to be baptized, we are not to be persuaded that it is any mitigation of a system so horrible, that he is sure of being fed, because it is his master's interest to keep him alive. We are rather moved to inquire after the fate of those slaves who, from age or hopeless disease, are unable any longer to work in the cotton-fields or the rice swamps; and the question is pertinent how far the owner's interest is a protection to the slave during those long periods when he is absent from his estate, and when his place is supplied by the overseer who has no such interest.

But with all our horror of slavery, and our willingness to believe the worst of it, it must be a very lively imagination indeed which can conjure such a picture of its social working as Mrs. Kemble presents in her journal. When we read these pages, and are told that they represent slave life on an estate the administration of

* Journal of a Residence on a Georgian Plantation in 1838-1839. By Frances Anne Kemble. Longmans.

which had the credit of being a humane one, we are utterly at our wits' end to imagine what the condition of the slaves can be on a badly administered estate. There is only one thing more wonderful than their brutal degradation, and that is the meekness and docility with which they bear it. The estate Mrs. Kemble writes about was the property of her husband, and it is not to be believed that the descriptions she gives of it can be anything but true. Yet on this humanely managed property, here is a description of the infirmary:—

"Half the casements, of which there were six, were glazed, and these were obscured with dirt, almost as much as the other windowless ones were darkened by the dingy shutters, which the shivering inmates had fastened to, in order to protect themselves from the cold. In the enormous chimney glimmered the powerless emblems of a few sticks of wood, round which, however, as many of the sick women as could approach, were cowering; some on wood settles, most of them on the ground, excluding those who were too ill to rise; and these last poor wretches lay prostrate on the floor, without bed, mattress, or pillow, buried in tattered and filthy blankets, which, huddled round them as they lay strewn about, left hardly space to move upon the floor. And here, in their hour of sickness and suffering, lay those whose health and strength are spent in unrequited labour for us—those who, perhaps even yesterday, were being urged on to their unpaid task—those whose husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons, were even at that hour sweating over the earth, whose produce was to buy for us all the luxuries which health can revel in, all the comforts which can alleviate sickness. I stood in the midst of them, perfectly unable to speak, the tears pouring from my eyes at this sad spectacle of their misery, myself and my emotion alike strange and incomprehensible to them. Here lay women expecting every hour the terrors and agonies of child-birth, others who had just brought their doomed offspring into the world, others who were groaning over the anguish and bitter disappointment of miscarriages—here lay some burning with fever, others chilled with cold and aching with rheumatism, upon the hard, cold ground, the draughts and dampness of the atmosphere increasing their sufferings, and dirt, noise, and stench, and every aggravation of which sickness is capable, combined in their condition—here they lay like brute beasts, absorbed in physical suffering; unvisited by any of those Divine influences which may ennoble the dispensations of pain and illness, forsaken, as it seemed to me, of all good; and yet, O God, Thou surely hadst not forsaken them! Now, pray take notice, that this is the hospital of an estate where the owners are supposed to be humane, the overseer efficient and kind, and the negroes remarkably well cared for and comfortable."

Mrs. Kemble endeavoured to do what she could to ameliorate this state of things, and urged the women to keep their children clean. One poor woman replied that they had not time to do so; and this coming to the ears of the overseer she was flogged. Two others who, on being ordered to leave the infirmary and go into the field, had remonstrated that if they went they would have to come back, as they had not strength to work, were rewarded by the overseer with a "good lashing." This feature of slave life on a humanely managed estate meets us so often, that it would be tedious to enumerate instances. But at page 221 we find an instance which is worthy of remark, as it describes the process of tying up preparatory to the infliction of the punishment. The woman is fastened up by her wrists to a beam or a branch of a tree, her feet barely touching the ground, so as to allow them no purchase for resistance or evasion of the lash, her clothes thrown over her head and her back scored with a leather thong, either by the driver himself or by any one he may please to appoint, even though it be the woman's father, brother, husband, or lover. Indeed the case of the female slaves seems in all respects to be worse than that of the males, bad as it is. The number and the fearful mortality of their children, and their own sufferings from being sent into the field to work before they have recovered from their lying-in, resulting in nervous disorders of the most painful character, are among the most shocking features of slavery. Their only parallel is the moral degradation of a system in which marriage is hardly more defined than it is amongst the brutes on the estate. When a master has two neighbouring estates, many of the negroes have wives upon each. It is in the power of the overseer, when a woman's husband has been sold or sent to a distance, to allot her a new husband. Nor is it a rare occurrence for the overseer himself to mingle his blood with the female slaves under his control, and to flog them if they make any demur. If he has a wife of his own, and she discovers the enforced rivalry of the unhappy slave, she has them flogged on her own account. There are many terrible stories in Mrs. Kemble's journal which show how far such miseries can prevail even on a humanely managed estate; but the subject is too revolting to dwell upon.

No wonder that under such a system the intellect should be dwarfed to the capacity of a child, and that up to the age when the young slaves can be profitably worked they roll about on the ground like pigs in a sty, or bask in the sun like so many beasts. Nor is it matter for surprise that, habituated to abominable filth and miserably fed, they should be subject to that hideous disease under which their hands and feet fall off piecemeal; or that with their wretched huts and clothing they should fall victims to rheumatism and inflammation of the lungs. To speak of the impossibility of elevating a people more degraded than any other race which has ever existed for several generations in the neighbourhood of civilized man, is wicked, when the attempt has not been made, but, on the contrary, everything done to render it impracticable. We may admit that their lot is better in the Southern States than under the rule of the King of Dahomy,

though even here it may be a question whether the grand custom of that gloomy savage is not more excusable than an institution which creates an inferiority, and sets it up as the plea for a degrading bondage. If the negroes are "liars" and "dissemblers," that is the natural fruit of their oppression. Indeed, the only hopeless defect we perceive in their natures is the docility with which they bow their necks to the yoke, and the light-headedness which survives its cruelty. Mrs. Kemble was present at a negro ball given in the infirmary:—

"Oh, my dear E——! I have seen Jim Crow—the veritable James; all the contortions, and springs, and flings, and kicks, and capers you have been beguiled into accepting as indicative of him are spurious, faint, feeble, impotent—in a word, pale northern reproductions of that ineffable black conception. It is impossible for words to describe the things these people did with their bodies, and, above all, with their faces, the whites of their eyes, and the whites of their teeth, and certain outlines which either naturally and by the grace of heaven, or by the practice of some peculiar artistic dexterity, they bring into prominent and most ludicrous display. The languishing elegance of some, the painstaking laboriousness of others; above all, the feats of a certain enthusiastic banjo-player, who seemed to me to thump his instrument with every part of his body at once, at last so utterly overcame any attempt at decorous gravity on my part that I was obliged to secede; and, considering what the atmosphere was that we inhaled during the exhibition, it is only wonderful to me that we were not made ill by the double effort not to laugh, and, if possible, not to breathe."

Mrs. Kemble's residence on her husband's Georgian estate was as little pleasing to that gentleman and his overseer as it was to herself. The overseer indeed plainly hinted, that when once she was gone, it would be long before another European lady was permitted to come there. Better, perhaps, that it should be so. There is a certain amount of logic in the argument, abominable as it is, that any attempt to elevate men and women who must bear the savage yoke of slavery, will only add to their miseries. To qualify them for the destiny of brutes, they must be brought as close as possible to their condition, and for this purpose nothing can be a nearer approach to perfection than the American system. What that system is, our readers will have some idea, when they have read Mrs. Kemble's journal. But apart from this view, the book is well worth reading. Mrs. Kemble writes with grace and power. What she describes is at once present to us; and we frequently meet with glimpses of Georgian scenery which are very charming.

THE STORY OF ELIZABETH.*

WE are thankful to the authoress of this book for another protest against the tyranny of three volumes. From the very birth of the modern novel it erred by a diffuseness as methodical and irrational as the five-act superstition in the drama, or the gigantic canvases of Haydon. It is difficult to believe, as we are told, that this is the first book of a young authoress whose father is our greatest living novelist. The style is so vigorous, the characters and scenery so original, and, above all, the tone is, on the whole, so healthy and quiet, that we almost miss the natural faults of inexperience, and we may fear lest this should be a premature and exhausting harvest. Nothing, however, but the unhappy experience of recent years could justify such fears. Miss Thackeray has started in her career with a quiet and mature strength which is of better promise than the morbid energy of so many *débutantes*. There is even something in her writing of Miss Austen's "divine common sense;" and to say that she reminds us of Miss Austen is to give very high praise indeed.

The *motif* of the book is not perhaps new, but it is full of tragic possibilities. Mrs. Gilmour, Elizabeth's widowed mother, is twice as old as Elizabeth; but then Elizabeth is only eighteen. Though both are beautiful, therefore, only one has that charm of youth which the French oddly call *la beauté du diable*. The result can be almost guessed. A man, whom the mother loves without return, perversely falls in love with the daughter, and the slighted woman, in her grief and rage, stoops to a falsehood in order to estrange the young couple, who have just made up their minds that they are very fond of each other. The results of this deceit, including a very dangerous illness of the heroine, form the story. After the proper entanglement and suspense, however, in the course of which our feelings are delightfully harrowed, the legitimate termination is arrived at, and the curtain falls on a honeymoon of the good old kind.

The scene is mostly laid in Paris, and this gives occasion to the authoress to display a very unusual familiarity with French domestic life. The "Protestant world" of Paris especially, a narrow and obscure circle, is described with evident relish, though without much sympathy. If the authoress does not do them injustice, French Protestants must be under a rule of Puritanical rigour which the better educated classes of Dissenters would never think of imposing on themselves. The following scene is an amusing illustration of this, and will also serve to introduce the heroine:—

"No wonder the old ladies in their old dowdy bonnets, the young ones in their ill-made woollen dresses, the preacher preaching against the vanities of the world, had all been shocked and outraged, when, after the sermon had begun, the door opened, and Elizabeth appeared in the celebrated pink silk dress, with flowers in her hair, white lace

* The Story of Elizabeth. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

falling from her shoulders, a bouquet, a gold fan, and glittering bracelets. Madame Jacob's head nearly shook off with horror. The word was with the Pasteur Boulot, who did not conceal his opinion, and whose strictures introduced into the sermon were enough to make a less hardened sinner quake in her shoes. Many of the great leaders of the Protestant world in Paris had been present on that occasion. Some would not speak to her, some did speak very plainly. Elizabeth took it all as a sort of triumph, bent her head, smiled, fanned herself, and when ordered out of the room by her mother, left it with a splendid curtsy to the Rev. M. Boulot, and thanked him for his beautiful and improving discourse."

This refractory Elly is a very piquant and fascinating character. She is one of those warm-hearted, impetuous, wilful young people whose faults we are so apt to condone, or even to prefer to other people's virtues, especially when they are of the other sex, and have, like Elly, "great soft eyes, and pretty yellow hair, and a sweet fitting smile, which came out like sunshine over her face." Tennyson's Sketch of Lilia in the Prologue to the Princess would do for her:—

A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And fresh as English air could make her.

Sir John Dampier is the name of the *jeune premier*. He is the kind of man that is better liked by women than by his own sex; an amiable, honourable gentleman, rather selfishly good-tempered and weakly sensitive to the wills and opinions of those nearest to him. The authoress makes use of him generally as a foil to the other characters, and perhaps she is right in this. We should observe that Elly has another lover, Anthony, the son of the *pasteur* who marries Mrs. Gilmour. A French Protestant student of theology would appear to possess few of the graces of polite society if the authoress is right in presenting this as a typical portrait of the class:—

"Anthony Tournear sat admiring her with his eyes wide open, and his great mouth open too. He was a big young man, with immense hands and feet, without any manners to speak of, and with thick hair growing violently upon end."

But under this unpromising exterior we find so much generosity and delicacy of sentiment, with a strength of will and devotion to duty that are wanting to the older man, that the course of the story, though strictly probable and natural, disappoints us, as we are vexed by the apparent perversities of destiny in real life. But the authoress provides him with no makeshift substitute for the happiness he desired. She leaves him alone with duty. There is no greater merit in the book than this indifference to the appearance of completeness. "Poetical justice" only insults our ineradicable sense of the inequalities of life.

When we come to speak of Mrs. Gilmour, we feel strongly what is really the great fault of the book. It may be called a want of concentration. Conscious, probably, of sympathy with many varieties of character and many phases of feeling; endowed with a fine observation which traces these with rapid instinct in the outward clothing of words, acts, and involuntary movements which they assume; and wielding besides a picturesque and supple style, the authoress is rather oppressed by her own powers, and has not learned how to shape with the unswerving hand of an artist the materials which are present to her in embarrassing abundance. Thus the tragical element in Mrs. Gilmour's character should either have been fairly worked out—which would have required a larger canvas—or it should have been merely kept present to the imagination as a disturbing influence, without coming into the foreground at all. But there is a want of consistency in the character as it stands. In the early part of the book a soliloquy of somewhat exaggerated and melodramatic pathos reveals the conflicting state of her passions and conscience; but this is a foundation on which nothing is built, and the authoress seems afraid to continue on the same scale. This is no small fault, as it destroys the keeping of the book, which is otherwise harmoniously composed. The minor characters are generally interesting and not too prominent. Jean Dampier, Elly's constant friend and adviser, is admirable—one of those useful and excellent women who redeem the name of old maid from the discredit which, after all, exists only in the minds and mouths of foolish persons. Madame Jacob, the rigid Protestant *dévoté*, seems to us exaggerated, perhaps not without spiteful *animus* on the part of the writer, who may have suffered more than most people from the inner despotism of a sect embittered by centuries of persecution and contempt. Will Dampier, the clergyman, is a rather otiose figure in the story, but he represents very well a valuable type of English character:—

"He was a big, commonplace young man, straight-minded and tender-hearted, with immense energy and great good spirits. He believed in himself; indeed, he tried so heartily and conscientiously to do what was right, that he could not help knowing, more or less, that he was a good fellow. And then he had a happy knack of seeing one side of a question, and having once determined that so and so was the thing to be done, he could do so and so without one doubt or compunction. He belonged to the school of athletic Christianity. I heard some one once say that there are some of that sort who would almost make out cockfighting to be a religious ceremony. William Dampier did not go so far as this, but he heartily believed that nothing was wrong that was done with a Christian and manly spirit. He rode across country, he smoked pipes, he went out shooting, he played billiards and cricket, he rowed up and down the river in his boat, and he was charming with all the grumbling old men and women in his parish, he preached capital sermons—short, brisk, well-considered.

He enjoyed life and all its good things with a grateful temper, and made most people happy about him."

The writer of this description has certainly no common talent of observation. If to this, which is half the novelist's equipment, she comes to add more sobriety and smoothness of style and greater unity of purpose, she will be rewarded by the appreciation of those who are competent to judge, with a high place, perhaps one of the highest, among the novelists of our day.

ARABIAN DAYS AND NIGHTS.*

MISS POWER, if not a profound writer, is an agreeable one. What more can we desire in a lady traveller? She shows us the outside of what she sees, and plagues us with no feminine theories. She is an exact observer, and writes like a good talker. This is exactly what we want from ordinary travellers. We wish to see in their books what they saw in their peregrinations, and there is hardly anything which could interest an intelligent woman in Egypt which will not have some sort of interest for her readers if she has the gift of faithfully describing it.

Miss Power has this gift, and her book is pleasant to read. She takes us first through Alexandria, and shows us what is worth seeing, though only in a cursory way. She gives us no large picture. But her glimpses of eastern life are vivid, and bear the impress of correct observation. The Arab women did not please her much. They are generally small and of slender make, but graceful in their movements. She deems it an error on the part of their males to mask their faces, and thinks that their safety would be more secure if they were seen. The lips are thick; the nose coarse and snub; the complexion a dull brown, without any warmth in it. Even their eyes do not pass muster with Miss Power. They are not large but long, and insufficiently opened. It is the thick line of kohl with which they are surrounded that gives them any beauty they have. But generally when the face is uncovered Miss Power sees nothing to admire in the Arab woman. To see her in perfection you should follow her when she goes with her graceful earthen goulia to draw water.

"She fills it, and then some one, probably another woman come on the same errand, assists her to lift it on her head, where these women carry all burdens, no matter how heavy. It is raised and placed on the circular cushion used to save the head from the immediate pressure, and she starts with it. But as yet it is not quite steady enough to be supported by the mere balance of the head and body, and she poises it by uplifting two handsome, brown bare arms, decorated with massive silver bracelets or bangles, which are worn even by the poorest of the fellahs. And then she advances, holding it on either side with just the tips of her fingers pressed against the jar, till she is sure of its equilibrium; then the arms go down, and she walks on, swift, steady, erect, but without the slightest stiffness. I have often marvelled, not only at the immense weights the Arab women carry in this way, but at the extraordinary security with which they poise their burdens. I have seen them carry large flat baskets of eggs through the thickest crowds, without ever lifting a hand to them, even when pushed and jostled; and they, and the men also, will make their way safely through the throngs collected round such attractions as dancers, tumblers, snake-charmers, &c., with great trays, bearing perhaps sixteen or eighteen bowls of the sour goats' milk which forms one of the chief articles of food of the working-classes."

Our author has a higher opinion of the men, naturally, and speaks in praise of their symmetrical figures. But even they are rarely handsome. They have moreover lost the spirit of their race, under Turkish and European control, and show neither courage, self-respect, nor self-reliance. They are simple, tractable, honest, uncomplaining, and capable of a real attachment towards Europeans. But at home they chastise their wives, and whine and howl like dogs when there is anything the matter with them.

"Among themselves the Arabs are passionate as children, and, like them, express their feelings by indulging in a sort of scratching, scrambling fisticuffs, and by roaring and blubbing with all the strength of their lungs. I remember one day hearing a row in our Arab colony, and on going to 'study the manners and customs of the people,' as was my wont when anything unusual seemed to be taking place, I beheld a man standing at the door of one of the huts, howling like a thrashed schoolboy, and apparently remonstrating with a circle of eight women, young and old, who had collected round him, and were vociferating at the top of their harsh voices, while one old crone, who shouted louder than the rest, threw handfuls of dust on her head in a highly tragic fashion. On inquiring, I learned that the gentleman in question had been bestowing condign punishment on his spouse, one of the ladies there present; that his uncle, dwelling in an adjoining hut, had taken the said lady's part; and in order to bring all connubial differences to a happy conclusion, and satisfy his sense of the duties of a pacificator, had thrashed the *sposo*, who, from the position in which I found him, seemed to be strongly inculcating to his fair persecutors the doctrine of 'no preachee and flogee too.'"

Miss Power has no hope for the future of Egypt. A slumberous spirit lies upon the land like a spell. There are active men amongst the population, but the vast majority take things as they come. "Malesch!" says the Arab, come what may; never mind, it is nothing,—it is of no consequence. He falls down and hurts himself; he picks himself up and limps away, repeating "Malesch!" He breaks your favourite piece of china, he lames your pet horse.

* *Arabian Days and Nights; or, Rays from the East.* By Marguerite A. Power. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

"Malesch!" it will be all the same in a hundred years hence; life is too short and of too little value for one to trouble oneself about these details. The sun is not to blame for this, but indolence, indifference, immutability, fatalism. The harem system destroys the influence of family feeling, and entails jealousies which are handed down from mother to son. Even in the family of the Viceroy there is nothing like confidence. Abbas Pacha, who succeeded Ibrahim, was supposed to have been killed by his aunt, Nasli Hanoum, a lady who was so troublesome to her family that her father, the great Mohammed Ali, gave orders for her assassination. Another pacha would take no food that was not prepared for him by his mother, and no drink but water kept in a bottle filled and sealed by her. But this is the common picture of eastern life. Miss Power gives a sketch of the late Viceroy, who was alive when she visited Alexandria. It does not tally with all that we have heard of his great political capacity from "our own correspondent."

"The Viceroy is an extremely jolly fellow: easy, good-natured, hating trouble and business of any kind; fond of splendour and good living, and of fun and coarse jokes; and whoever can succeed in amusing him with these and with any absurd buffoonery, may rob him to what extent they please, he being perfectly aware of the fact, and seldom resisting the grossest impositions. It is related that a man who had long carried on this course with him, once attempted a piece of cheating so enormous that the Pacha's patience was exhausted, and he refused to submit to it. Accordingly, when the culprit came to pay his daily visit, Saïd Pacha, in a rage, declared his intention of having nothing more to do with such a robber. No way abashed, the somewhat favourite quietly demanded, 'And who am I to rob if it be not your Highness?' The result was the Pacha's bursting into a hearty laugh, taking the man again into favour, and ordering the sum of money at first demanded to be paid him. And this is the son of the old lion, Mohammed Ali, before whom men bowed their heads and trembled."

We will not follow Miss Power through all her sight-seeing. Suffice it to say that her book is thoroughly interesting, and does much credit to her talent for observation and description.

MISSIONARY LIFE IN JAMAICA AND CALABAR.*

MR. HOPE MASTERTON WADDELL, the author of this work, was ordained missionary by the United Secession Church of Scotland in 1829, and immediately set out for Jamaica. His labours there were continued till the beginning of 1845, when he entered upon a new field in Calabar, and remained there till 1858; thus completing twenty-nine years of service as a missionary. He now offers us this volume as his contribution towards the history of the Scotch mission in Jamaica, which, though long since projected, is still unwritten. Other contributions towards the same work, which have previously appeared, are the "Missionary Reminiscences" of the Rev. George Blyth and the "Memoirs of the Rev. William Jameson."

Twenty-nine years of missionary life in such countries as Jamaica and Calabar must have furnished much interesting material. We miss almost painfully in Mr. Waddell's book that which is the greatest charm in any story of missionary adventure—*enthusiasm*: while evidences of the quality most opposite to that abound. We find, too, frequent proofs of deficiency, on the part of the author, in the sense of congruity. The juxtaposition in many sentences of the most incongruous matters and conceptions is irresistibly ludicrous, and indicative of the strangest modes of thought. Referring to the settlement of the Moravians in Jamaica, and to the fact of the planters being induced by interested motives to sanction their work, Mr. Waddell says,—"The prospect of a glorious future, the hopes of an eternal heaven, would compensate the slaves, *without loss to the proprietor*, for the want of earthly comforts." Two or three pages further on we read of a proprietor "who, with his admirable lady, had recently arrived to *look after his own interests*, and improve the condition of his people both for time and eternity." On the next page is a more curious instance still. Mr. Waddell preached at Green Island one Sunday on his first arrival in Jamaica, and the negroes, he tells us, begged him not to leave them: they feared if he did he would not come back. "This verification of the Macedonian cry went to my heart. It touched also some white gentlemen present [we are led to a surprising inference as to the colour of the writer!], who joined in the entreaties of their negroes, and offered *other inducements*. Information on *various points*, however, had still to be obtained." The ingenious vagueness of these phrases is charming and full of significance. Even after these examples, we are surprised at a fault of the same kind, but more serious—inasmuch as action is greater than speech—recorded at page 59. While the island was full of the horrors and terrors of the slave insurrection of 1832, Mr. Waddell heard a proclamation read to the disaffected slaves of the Spot Valley estate. They overwhelmed the reader with clamour, and protested they would work no more. "Then they shouted, and laughed, and clapped their hands. *It was really so amusing a scene I could not help laughing with them*, and my doing so increased their good humour." "A time to weep and a time to laugh," said the Preacher. Never surely was laughter more perversely mistimed and illtimed.

We turn now to other and better features of the book before us. And first, we will quote, for the amusement of our readers, Mr.

Waddell's account of his first Sunday at Cornwall, the station he finally selected. His own house was to be the church, and the people had promised to come.

"Having prepared our house for them as best we could—removing tables, and arranging chairs, chests, trunks, stools, planks, and whatever else could serve for seats—we rang our house-bell, and waited for them. No one appearing, we rang it again, louder and longer, and nearer the negro houses; but with as little effect. Much surprised, we sent it through the village, and had it rung in the four quarters of it; but still in vain. There was none seen, nor any to answer. My wife and I went ourselves through the village to learn what could be the matter, and found nearly all the houses locked, and only ten old, weak people in the whole place, who never thought the bell was for them, or that 'buckra,' having thrown them up, could ever want to see them again. Then we learned that the people had all gone to their provision ground or the market, and would not be home till night."

So the poor old cripples were got together, and familiarly taught and talked to. Mr. Waddell gives us some curious particulars of the followers of one Moses Baker, who gave great prominence to the doctrine of the Spirit's teaching, carrying it indeed to the length of fanaticism. Christ having been "led of the Spirit into the wilderness," these deluded people also went, as they were bidden, into "the wilderness"—the bush, the pastures, or the canefields—by night, and there lay down, expecting the visitation of the Spirit. This was their preparation for baptism. They did not care about reading the Bible, and when some of them went to the Cornwall meetings, they always used to read the third chapter of Matthew. They knew that by heart, and could not read at all. They made a great deal of John the Baptist, even talked of praying to him, because he had baptized Christ. But the question, "Who baptized John?" is said to have confounded them, and to have served afterwards the useful purpose of putting an end to many debates.

Amongst a great deal of worthless matter in "Negro-English," we light now and then upon a truly comic morsel. One John, head man at the Crawle estate, having been jilted by his sweetheart after buying the wedding gown, &c., expressed his purpose of seeking another sweetheart thus: "Minister, me just look out one now to fit the gown!" Temperance festivals were held twice in the year, and attracted crowds, who did not behave with scrupulous politeness. Like ill-trained children, they used to fill their pans and pockets with the good things of the feast, and this is how the missionary taught them better manners:—

"Two travellers, I told them, were one time hurried from their dinner by the impatient horn of the coach-guard. One of them stuffed a roasted fowl into his pocket, to eat by the way, saying that he had paid for it. 'And you have paid for the sauce too,' said the other, pouring it in after the fowl. Our waiters had orders to do the same with them; and whoever pocketed the buns must pocket the coffee too."

Mr. Waddell gives us some "begging anecdotes," one of which relates how a canny old Scotchman at Montego Bay gave—his refusal; "An ye want money for your kirk, ye tell me? Na, na; I hae naething to gie you." In the names of places and estates in Jamaica, we have the oddest jumble of grotesque and dissimilar things imaginable: for instance, Goshen, Latium, Palmyra, Lilliput, Tryall, Blue Hole, Millennium Hall, Mile Gully, Running Gut, and Roaring River. Dinner-time is "shell-blow;" to begin a religious life is to "set off;" to be fit for the sacrament is to "set off deeper."

The passages in Mr. Waddell's work relating to slavery and emancipation are not without interest, although they are certainly wanting in vigour and graphic power. The terrible conflict now going on in the United States, and the fearful and glorious possibilities involved in it, give a special interest at the present time to the story of emancipation, its antecedents, conditions, and results in the West Indian islands. And as we once more dwell in thought upon the grand achievement, we incline to the hope that it may ere long be repeated on a vaster field, and the great western republic (or republics, if they cannot again be one), become, in fact, what it boasts itself to be—the land of the free. But we confess that we do not see any solid ground of fact whereon to build such sanguine hope as our author expresses with reference to the future of Africa and her swarthy children. The difficult question of the admission of slaveholders to a Christian Church presented itself for solution in a practical shape in Calabar; and the observations which Mr. Waddell makes on this matter (pp. 557–559) deserve careful attention. We cannot help commending the boldness with which he has spoken, on this and some other topics, things which he was well aware would be unwelcome to many. He does not limit his reports of missionary work to successes, but on principle "states the worst" as well. And on this subject he says:—

"The home churches are so eager for good news from the mission fields, they will hardly hear any other. Unless they see signs and wonders, they will not believe. Missionaries may send home complete and impartial accounts of all their operations, but only the best will be published or read."

Perhaps the most curious and interesting portions of Mr. Waddell's narrative are those relating to the very strange systems or practices known as the *Obea* and *Myal* superstitions. They were of African origin, and retained a fast hold on the minds of the blacks in the West Indies at the time of Mr. Waddell's resi-

* Twenty-nine Years in the West Indies and Central Africa: a Review of Missionary Work and Adventure. 1829–1858. By the Rev. Hope Masterton Waddell, formerly Missionary at Old Calabar. London: J. Nelson & Sons.

dence there. The Obea men produced sicknesses and various evils by hiding sticks or other objects in the houses or gardens of the persons they meant to injure; and the Myal men opposed them, and professed to dig out the hidden "instruments of darkness" and remove the maladies occasioned by them. A great and very troublesome revival of these extraordinary practices took place in Jamaica in 1842, which is partly explained by the removal of the severe repressive laws which were in force before the date of emancipation, and partly by the introduction of a large number of fresh negroes from Guinea. But many of the members of the missionary churches were victims of the frenzy, and took part in the wild wanderings, dances, and exorcisms. The identification, in the Calabar language and in the conceptions of the negroes, of the soul and the shadow is connected with singular fancies and rites. The shadow can be lost or stolen before death; can be shut up for safety in a sacred place; and at death may be caught by a Myal man, who will use it for "purposes of necromancy:"—

"It must be caught at the grave, at or soon after interment; therefore in the dusk of the evening, when burials usually took place, or by moonlight, a fitting time for such mysterious proceedings. In the midst of the people encircling the grave, the Myal man saw, what was unseen by others, the shadow or spirit of the departed hovering over its last tenement; and he tried by many violent gestures, leaping and grasping, to seize it, or by strange voices to charm it, as it flitted about and evaded him. When he succeeded, he secured it in a tiny coffin ready for the purpose, to be buried in the same grave, or deposited in the house, and under the bed, of the practitioner for future use."

A young girl who fancied she had lost her shadow is represented as wandering about, "seeking it by the bushy banks of streams, or round the gigantic cotton-tree, or in other haunted spots, by moonlight." A Calabar chief believed that some one had caught his soul and bottled it up, and neighbour chiefs had proclamation made that the thief should let it go or die a terrible death.

Of the many other interesting passages in Mr. Waddell's work, we can only name the account of Calabar (Chap. XVIII.), a discussion on polygamy, in which the view of the Bishop of Natal is controverted, and the notes on the Efik language, in the Appendix. The volume is neatly illustrated, and contains two or three small sketch maps.

THE APOSTLE OF THE ALPS.*

THE author of "Moravian Life in the Black Forest" has taken the establishment of the celebrated hospice of Mount St. Bernard for the foundation of a tale intended to illustrate the maxim that "no life is pleasing to God, that is not useful to man." We may object that the apophthegm is not true; if by "useful" is meant a practical utility such as is exercised by the monks of St. Bernard and their dogs. A penniless bedridden old woman is obviously not a very useful member of society. But if she bears her sufferings patiently, taking them as a dispensation intended for her spiritual correction, her example is calculated to edify those around her, and she is thus "useful" in a high sense of the word. Many excellent people, who are neither penniless nor bedridden, have not the power to serve their fellow-creatures except by setting them a good example; yet it would be hard to say that their life is not "pleasing to God." Infant children are an instance. No one not related to them cares to have very much to do with them. We are pleased to look at their pretty ways, to fondle their rosy hands and feet, to pat their chubby little cheeks, and hear them crow and make their first attempts at the Queen's English. But we would rather not have to wash or dress them, or nurse them, or, unless they are bone of our bone and blood of our blood, to get up half a dozen times in the night and walk about hush-a-by-babbling them, when they are teething. Yet the innocence of children is our brightest human example, and the divine love for them one of the most touching features of our Christian records. We have no wish, in urging this objection to the purpose of the tale before us, to throw any slight on the founder of Mount St. Bernard. He and his followers have deserved and won the admiration and love of their fellow-creatures, and even Mr. Whalley himself, with all his abhorrence of the Scarlet Lady, would not object to be dug out of a snow drift by one of them, even at the peril of having to take shelter in the hospice and share pot-luck with the black-robed fraternity. We object only to the narrowness of our author's idea of usefulness, which, unless we wrong him, contemplates only such services as are actually, visibly, and substantially beneficial.

This apart, the tale is pretty and nicely told. The young Bernard de Menthon is a student at the University of Paris. His wish is to be a priest; but his parents have destined him to marry the Lady Marguerite de Miolans, and presently he is summoned home to complete this contract. The wedding day is fixed. But on its eve he wanders away from the château of his parents, and on approaching a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin he hears some one praying aloud inside. It is Marguerite, and she is praying that by some divine interposition her marriage may be prevented. For she is in love with the young Chevalier Aleranne; and though her parents have driven him from the house, anxious that Marguerite should marry Bernard to whom she has been betrothed from her childhood, the girl is unable to drive him from her heart. Bernard, however, finding that he and

she are not of a mind in regard to their proposed union, flies from his father's house, taking along with him a favourite dog, Jago, the ancestor, no doubt, of the Mount St. Bernard breed, resolving to make a pilgrimage to Rome, and there consecrate himself to the service of the Church. He is crossing the Alps; and, surrounded by snows, is on the point of yielding to the fatal influence of sleep, when he is roused by the bark of his dog, which runs towards him and lays something at his feet. Seeing that it is only a drab cap, he is again about to lie down, when the dog seizes him by the clothes and drags him forward till they come upon the body of a pedlar, half buried in the snow. Bernard revives him with the contents of a bottle slung at the pedlar's side, and in return the pedlar takes him to Aosta, where he presents him to the Archdeacon, by whose help Bernard is enabled to fulfil his intentions, and upon whose death he becomes Archdeacon. Years pass, and Bernard, mindful of the perils of the Alps from which he had rescued Durand, succeeds after several fruitless efforts in founding the hospice since so famous:—

"Travellers who have of late years visited and received the hospitality of the hospice of St. Bernard, must not picture it to themselves in its early days as the goodly well-conditioned structure it now is—a building capable of affording sleeping accommodation to seventy or eighty guests, and of sheltering above three hundred—nor was this necessary. Those were not the days when travellers annually passed over the mountain by thousands.

"It was a dwelling of modest proportions, roughly but strongly built of heavy granite blocks, the mere weight of which was sufficient to bind them together, without the assistance of mortar or cement. The plan of the interior was somewhat similar to that of the present hospice; a flight of rude stone steps led up to the entrance, which was purposely raised considerably above the ground; and a dark vaulted corridor, at one end of which burnt a dim oil-lamp, led to the little chapel, which the zealous Bernard had furnished with many a holy relic and choice adornment: amongst other things some rare and valuable painted glass, and a small organ from Constantinople, whence they had been already introduced into Italy. All these, however, were destroyed or carried off by the barbarians in the century following the pious founder's death.

"Above were the cells of Bernard and Durand, and some other monks of their order, who had joined them in their voluntary exile from the world; also a comfortable apartment, provided with beds, for the reception of such wayfarers as they should find exhausted on the mountain, or who should gain their abode, and demand a night's shelter; a small refectory occupied the remaining space of the upper storey, and various offices that of the lower.

"Neither was the *morgue*, that strange species of catacomb above ground, wanting; 'For,' said Bernard, 'we cannot in this frozen rocky soil bury those who perish, notwithstanding all our efforts; and since at this height the bodies apparently dry up in time without decaying, there is indeed no necessity for it, and 'twill be as well, and charitable too, to leave them where, perhaps, some seeking friend may find and recognize them; and thus at least have the satisfaction of learning with certainty the fate of their lost ones.'"

In the mean time Marguerite has had her sufferings. After all efforts to trace Bernard to his whereabouts have failed, her parents insist that she shall marry one of the many noble youths who are suing for her hand; but she refuses, and her father threatens her with a convent. By and by comes news that her Chevalier has died in battle. She now resolves to take the veil, to the dismay of her parents; but as her mother falls sick and dies, she consents to remain with her father and console his declining years. Her story, and that of the little Hildegard, make a pleasant background to the picture. But it is on Bernard and his monks that our attention is principally fixed, and on the narratives of their first successes in saving the lives of travellers. These are very interesting, and of themselves repay the time spent in perusing the book.

SHORT NOTICES.

RINALDO.*

PLAYS in blank verse, banished from the stage, may still obtain a hearing in the closet, but upon condition that there is something of poetry and probability in them. We do not think "Rinaldo" answers this description. It is written in imitation of the elder dramatists; but there is nothing in it but the aping of style to remind us of them. As for the story, it is such a ruffianly, murdering piece of business that we could not think of inflicting it on our readers. The heroine dies, her brother dies, the hero dies, his father dies, his friend dies, the villain dies, a respectable old hermit dies—all either by poison or violence; till, having "supped full of horrors," we lay down the book with a sense of relief that the dreadful butchery is at an end. In case our readers would like to have a specimen of Mr. Abrahall's tragic muse, we will make one extract. The heroine, Liliba, has been poisoned by Rinaldo; and while her lover's father in entertaining his friends with a dance in her honour, she enters "in a state of frenzy." Then she speaks:—

"Help me!—oh, help me!—do, do! I'm hurt, poison'd,—
And the white locks of my poor hermit bloody!—
But I will all, when that this fever's gone,
I will tell all.—Ye pretty fairy queens!
I'll be your waiting-maid if you'll turn this:

* The Apostle of the Alps: A Tale. Arthur Hall & Co.

* Rinaldo. A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts. By Chandos Hoskyns Abrahall. J. S. Hodson & Son.

I am so mazed that I have lost my manners,—
 Yet can I curt'gy :—Tell me! have ye here
 Bonarmo's son? If so, ye must not keep him,
 For he's my husband. Let me dance with you
 Until these furies leave me :—help me! oh!—
 Here, on my knees, I supplicate your mercy ;—
 Your hand, beseech! Now, come now, pretty princess,
 Have you my fine one?—hah! you must not hide him :
 Eugenio!—what, ashamed of me?—So, so!
 I had not thought of this : well, I can weep :—
 Oh! oh!—poor me!"

GEONE.*

The author of this poem has based it upon a legend which he received from a nobleman whom he met in a great continental capital, and who traced his eastern and princely lineage "beyond the boundaries of the historical record, through the dim vista of legendary lore, into the shadowy regions where even the myth gradually fades from sight." The legend is, that a priestess of the nobleman's house, centuries before the Christian era, arrived at the knowledge of the one supreme God, and a conviction of man's pure spiritual existence beyond the grave. The poem based upon this story is gracefully written, but with that even flow of verse and uniformity of merit which rarely fails to weary the reader.

EILER AND HELVIG.†

This poem is founded upon one of Thorpe's Yule-tide stories, "Glob and Alger." It is pleasingly written, in light and lively verse, with occasional touches of wit and traces of power. The story is eminently happy, and has gained rather than lost by the author's treatment.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL‡

It is not easy to discover the drift of this poem, and we incline to think that the author has stopped short of his original intention, and presented his readers only with a fragment. But however this may be, "The Guardian Angel" is a work of merit. It is in the form of a drama; and the purpose seems to be to show the influence of a good woman over a nature of fierce impulse. Agnes, the heroine, while abroad, has saved Oliver from committing murder. On his return to Wales he sees her again, and appears anxious to marry her, so as to have his guardian angel always at his side. But he falls over a cliff, and dies; and whether Adrian, who is also in love with Agnes, marries her, we are not told. Nor does it appear that her influence over Oliver has been very effectual, for he plainly intends to murder Adrian a few minutes before he meets with his fatal accident. Thus the cliff over which he fell is better entitled to the name of the drama than Agnes herself; and it seems rather due to his fall than to her that he dies in a Christian state of mind. The other poems are passable.

FINE ARTS.

REFORM OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We cannot as yet be sure that a re-organization of the Royal Academy, upon a totally new basis, will be recommended by the Royal Commission at present sitting to investigate the affairs of that institution. It is difficult, however, to believe that the agitation once more excited by the caprices of Messrs. Cooper, C. Landseer, and Frith, who are the Hanging Committee for this year, will not, at last, convince the Royal Commissioners that nothing less than a radical change in the constitution of the Academy is demanded. The artists of England have endured for nearly one hundred years the existence of notorious abuses in the Royal Academy; and experience has long taught us that it is vain to hope anything from the good sense, or even the self-respect, of that close corporation. It has been so long accustomed to defying public opinion, dodging the inquiries of the House of Commons, snubbing the Select Committees, and skirmishing with journalists and pamphleteers, that it will not perhaps care much for the discontent of a few rejected, "skied," or "floored" outsiders. The Academy, indeed, has, by a report upon its own constitution published three years ago, testified so plainly to its own infallibility that it may seem an act of audacity for the outsiders to doubt it. Some of its censors, however, have not hesitated to suggest that this report is nothing better than a piece of skilful special pleading, set forth by the Academy on its own behalf. To the curious in such matters, nevertheless, the history of its origin and career there given may afford both amusement and instruction. A glance at this report will show that the Academy was born of an intrigue; and that, from the earliest times to the present hour, it seems never as a body to have deserted its earliest traditions. It was instituted by George III. in the year 1768, by a deed under his own sign-manual, and not countersigned by any officer of state. It was from its infancy treated by the King with peculiar favour. He undertook to pay the deficiencies in its income to meet its expenses, and he actually did so to the extent of something over £5,000, from the year 1768 to 1780. He empowered it to promulgate laws for its own guidance, to elect its own members, and to grant the degree of associate; he lodged it in a royal suite of rooms in Somerset House, where its annual exhibitions were to

be held, and he gave it the entire management of such exhibitions, besides the control of the funds which it might accumulate from that and other sources. In its early days, it is true, these funds were not very plentiful; so that, as we have seen, the royal bounty had to make good the deficiencies of the income of the Academy. But, in later times, the Academy, it is well known, has realized a very pretty property. We find that, from the year 1769 to 1854 inclusive, the profits obtained, less the expenses of exhibition, were nearly £270,000, in addition to which the Academy seems to have received about £91,000 as income from its investments in the funds; and Mr. Turner bequeathed to it the sum of £20,000.

In return for these benefits, the Royal Academy undertook the Art-Trusteeship of the kingdom. In 1797, the Academicians promulgated a set of laws, conceived, as it seems, in a spirit liberal enough, whereby they provide for the establishment of a library and schools, and an annual exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and designs, in which *all artists of distinguished merit* shall be permitted to exhibit their works. They appear upon this plan to have gone on, till the year 1815, when this right of exhibition was much abridged by two regulations, to which we would particularly advert. It was then decreed, "that no work of art, which has been publicly exhibited, shall be admitted into the exhibition of the Royal Academy;" and again, "that the council shall have full power and authority to receive or reject the works of art offered for exhibition." It is the undue exercise of the power conferred by this rule, which forms one of the standing grievances against the Royal Academy.

Again, in the new rules of 1860 we find another change, which was, in effect, a most offensive usurpation of powers. The old rule did not make the degree of Associateship conditional upon the exhibition of a picture in the current or preceding exhibition; but we now find in Rule VII., sec. 5, that "Candidates for the degree of Associates, being exhibitors in the current exhibition, or in that of the year immediately preceding, shall sign their names on a paper left for that purpose in the Academy during the month of May in each year." This rule obviously, taken in connection with the rule before quoted, places in the hands of the Hanging Committee the power of keeping any one whom they may choose to consider an obnoxious or troublesome fellow out of the Academy altogether.

These instances may serve to show the spirit in which the Academicians have lately been acting towards their fellow-craftsmen and the public; but these are nothing in comparison with the two great matters of complaint, for which the Royal Commissioners are expected to provide some redress. We mean the want of sufficient space for exhibition, and the limitation as to the number of artists who shall become members of the Academy. We have, indeed, some reason to hope that the Royal Commissioners, seeking how to remedy these evils, will deal boldly and decisively with the Academy, and recommend either its total abolition or its establishment upon a new and comprehensive plan. A memorial, which has this week been presented to the Commissioners by nearly a hundred of the most influential members of the profession, seems to us, in its second and fourth sections, aptly to express the requirements of art in this matter. The memorial runs thus:—

"1. That the present anomalous position of the Royal Academy should cease, and that its constitution should assume a truly national character.

"2. That a large and immediate increase be made in the numbers of associates, so as to include distinguished artists in every branch of the profession. That a certain portion of the associates be admitted to take part in the Council of the Academy, and that all elections be subject to the confirmation of a general assembly of the academicians and associates.

"3. That the present associates be incorporated with the Royal Academy.

"4. That a large increase of space for exhibition purposes is absolutely required to meet the growing wants of the profession."

There can be no doubt, we think, that the wishes of the memorialists are very reasonable. The Academy itself would not, but for the obstinacy of its traditions, desire to oppose such fair demands. The limitation in the numbers of the Academy is, in itself, a very crying grievance. Forty memberships and twenty associateships were in 1769 undoubtedly more than sufficient, since we find that, in that year, they were not all filled by artists, but some of them by clergymen and others; and that the Academy's first annual exhibition in Somerset House comprised the works of only fifty artists. The number of names, however, which are now inscribed as candidates for each vacant associateship exceeds many times over the number of votes to be given altogether in the disposal of it; and this number would be greatly increased, but for the disgust which many independent spirits feel at the degrading conditions that are imposed upon those who enter the Academy. The election of Mr. Lejeune to the last vacant associateship is, to our mind, a strong confirmation of the views of the petitioners. Mr. Lejeune was fairly entitled, many years ago, to the honours which he has now obtained, and by passing him over then the Academicians did him as great a wrong as they have now done to those younger and stronger men, who, in their turn, are neglected for him.

As to the details of a practical reform, there is much room for discussion. We may, perhaps, be allowed to suggest that there should, in the degrees conferred, be several grades of honour, as is the system in France, and that every exhibitor who has once attained any distinction should thenceforth be entitled, as of right, to display a limited number of pictures, on a limited space of wall,

* Geone; or, Before the Dawn. Edinburgh. Adam and Charles Black.

† Eiler and Helvig; a Danish Legend. By Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham. Chapman and Hall.

‡ The Guardian Angel and other Poems. By Joseph Verey. C. H. Clarke.

in the annual exhibition of the Academy. With this hint we may for the present be content, reserving some other questions for future consideration.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.

THIS society has now been in active existence for fifteen years. During the latter part of this period it has, we are sincerely glad to observe, been at the same time increasing its powers and attracting new members. When first established its primary object was the illustration of Italian fresco-painting of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, by providing copies in the form of engravings, coloured lithographs, and photographs. The works in oil-painting were put aside, as of minor importance and as being those with which the public were thought to be sufficiently familiar. Sculpture, both of the antique and mediæval styles, was also to be illustrated by casts. The operations of the society became more developed when, as it fortunately happened, the process of multiplying copies in colour became very greatly improved at the same time that the war in Italy was threatening to repeat the devastation which befell many of the most precious monuments of art in former times. This society very wisely, and in complete accord with the objects which led to its origin, then proposed a distinct fund for copying. To this donations may, as we understand, be contributed without membership, and thus any one feeling an interest in the preservation of accurate copies of pictures inevitably doomed to decay may assist in rendering a very important and valuable service to the study of art. A visit to the society's rooms in Old Bond-street will show how far this plan has been carried out, and in what direction the council of the society have been working, better than the space at our command will enable us to show. The original drawings made from the frescoes form a most interesting collection, and afford an opportunity of comparing the chromo-lithographs and observing the close accuracy which has been obtained. The drawings are chiefly the work of Signor Marianecci, and in all the important points of drawing, colour, and complete appreciation of the style and manner of the various masters, they must be pronounced as nearly perfect as possible. The only thing which occurs to us is that there has been in some instances a little too much latitude permitted to the copyist, where he has restored in his own work the parts destroyed and lost in the original, as we remarked when speaking of the Arundel Society's publications on a former occasion (vid. *London Review*, No. 128). These missing portions ought not to be supplied for the sake of pleasing the eye of the amateur; the copy should be that which the society engages to produce for their subscribers—a scrupulously exact copy. Restoration is a most treacherous thing in all cases, and perhaps it would not be extravagant to say that no work of art has ever been quite satisfactorily restored or even reproduced in perfect imitation. Where the mind and feeling and sentiment of the artist have left the mark upon his work, as in mediæval sculpture for example, true imitation is extremely rare to meet with. The society's beautiful collection of casts from ivories, and the mechanical reductions from the Parthenon sculptures, are necessarily free from error of the kind we refer to. The question which the connoisseur demands is, whether the chromo-lithographs are to be relied upon as the most exact imitations possible by the means at command. Apart from the question of permitting any restorations of parts lost by decay, it is of great importance that we should have perfect confidence in the conscientious copying of the work. There must be no putting in of a last touch or a hair upon the eyelid if it is not in the original. We remember that in the two chromo-lithographs of the large fresco of Filippo Lippi, in the Brancacci chapel, one of the single figure of Paul, and the other of the complete subject, recently published by the society, there was considerably more touching in of detail in the dresses observable in the smaller copy, while to the head of Paul eyelashes were added which were not to be seen in the larger copy. The difference is not so much worth notice as the admission of the principle of adding to and supplying even in so slight a matter as an eyelash. If exactness, to the point of *fac-simile*, is an object, then we must be particular to a hair. The last issue of the society is an extra publication of a chromo-lithograph taken from the fresco by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing "St. Augustine preaching," a large work in the Duomo of the old town of San Gimignano, in Italy. It is a most finished and perfect copy, and a good example of the style of the fifteenth century painters, who had begun to shake off some of the stiffness of manner of their predecessors. The general tone of colour has been well seized, as well as the expression of the heads. Better examples of Benozzo Gozzoli might perhaps have been selected, for this, with the exception of the quaint little dog, which was always a favourite in his pictures, hardly gives an idea of his delight in natural objects, his fancy for animal life, for flowers, fruit, and picturesque landscape of the composed and artificial style. Gozzoli, though a pupil of Angelico, never caught his master's beautiful refinement of expression; though there is good expression in his heads, he is wanting in elevation of sentiment. He was an original, but had none of the genius of Masaccio and the two Lippi, who were certainly studied by Raffaele himself. The architectural and arabesque border of this fresco is one of its most interesting features, and this has been particularly well given in the chromolith. As a specimen of the new process the illustration is also admirable; it is clear and harmonious in colour, and in the nicer tints especially delicate. This part of the society's work is executed in Germany by the lithographers, Messrs. Storch & Kramer, and under the direction of Professor L. Gruner, the proofs being sent over during

the different stages of the work, so as to give the council the opportunity of consulting upon any corrections which may appear necessary. By this careful proceeding the greatest accuracy can be attained, and it is due to the society to express the general obligations we owe to them for devoting so much consideration to the point of accuracy in style.

Reviewing the publications of the society, it is noticeable that the illustrations have been confined somewhat too much to the earlier Italian painters, there being few by the greatest men of Italian art as yet. The examples of Masaccio, Masolino, and Lippi, of this year's issue, are, we hope, to be taken as an evidence of an inclination more in favour of the artistic taste than the antiquarian and simply historical. It would be a mistake to suppose that the earlier styles are purer than the later, so far as art is concerned; we say nothing about religious sentiment. We observe that the society call the earlier art "purer and severer," in opposition to the later, which they style "the meretricious or puerile," with a suggestion that the earlier styles are calculated to elevate the tone of our national schools of painting and sculpture. For our own part, we are not disposed to join in this hit at the school of Michael Angelo, Raffaele, and their disciples; and we should rejoice to see the efforts of the Society directed occasionally towards the art of the best time of the Renaissance.

MUSIC.

THE new basso, Signor Fricca (properly Herr Fricke), who appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday week, is not likely to prove a very valuable accession to the company. With a voice of considerable weight and extensive compass (fully two octaves), Signor Fricca's style is cumbrous and unfinished; and his performance of Marcel in the "Huguenots" was by many degrees inferior to that of his collaborateurs. Possibly this gentleman may be more efficient in music of the purely German school; but in the mixed style of Meyerbeer, where the suavity of Italian vocalization forms an important element, his want of finish was largely apparent. The Valentine of Mdlle. Titiens, the Raoul of Signor Giuglini, and the Urban of Mdlle. Trebelli are too familiar to require comment. The orchestra, in many respects a very fine one, is occasionally much too boisterous, especially in the accompaniments. The brass instruments particularly need curbing in their blatant enthusiasm. With a little more refinement and contrast of light and shade, however, the band would be very far above the average.

At the Royal Italian Opera, Mdlle. Adelina Patti has added to her successes by her performance of Leonora in the "Trovatore." For this evening the revival of "La Gazza Ladra" is announced, with Mdlle. Adelina Patti as Ninetta.

The sixth Philharmonic concert on Monday was particularly strong in the instrumental selection, as will be seen by the following programme:—

PART I.

Sinfonia in D minor (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society)	Spohr.
Aria, Signor Fricca, "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" (Zauberflöte)	Mozart.
Concerto in G, pianoforte, Madame Arabella Goddard	Beethoven.
Aria, Mdlle. Liebhart, "Fest wie Felsen" (Cosi fan Tutte)	Mozart.
Overture (Euryanthe)	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia in F, No. 8	Beethoven.
Scena, "Wie machte'mir Schlummer," Mdlle. Lehmann (Der Freischütz)	Weber.
Terzetto, Mdlle. Liebhart, Mdlle. Lehmann, and Signor Fricca (Fidelio)	Beethoven.
Overture in C major	Mendelssohn.

Two symphonies, a concerto, and two overtures, all in the strictest sense classical, are enough to satisfy the most inordinate craving for quantity and quality. Spohr's symphony may justly be considered as a representative work; embodying, as it does, all the best characteristics of the best period of the master. That clearness of plan and powerfully-drawn outline which Spohr derived from his model (Mozart) are nowhere more conspicuous than in his symphony in D minor; the last movement of which, too, is one of the many instances that might be adduced in refutation of the charge so often made, that Spohr is deficient in melody. Mendelssohn's overture composed for this society had almost the interest of novelty, owing to its unfrequent performance. Without estimating it so highly as most of his other concert overtures, it is yet so full of genius and invention as to deserve more frequent hearings. The recurrence of the passage for brass instruments, with the shifting harmonies by which those simple notes are accompanied, give a peculiar and characteristic feature to the work such as only genius could impress. Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of Beethoven's concerto was marked by all that excellence of mechanism and finished style for which this lady has long been distinguished. The Concerto in G is perhaps one of the most difficult works of its kind to create an effect in, and it is sufficient evidence of Madame Goddard's power that she elicited loud and prolonged applause from an audience so critical as that of the Philharmonic. Of the vocal music, that by the ladies produced most effect, both artists being endowed with true German sentiment, and singing with that inner consciousness of the poetry of their art which is characteristic of their nation and too seldom found in even the best Italian vocalists. Signor Fricca gave his air carefully, and confirmed the opinion expressed of him above.

The fourth New Philharmonic concert on Wednesday offered the following very miscellaneous and not very well-ordered programme:—

PART I.		
Overture (Genoveva)	Schumann.	
Aria, "In si barbara" (Semiramide), Madame Alboni	Rossini.	
Double Symphony (Irdisches und Göttliches im Menschen Leben—"The Good and Evil Passions")	Spohr.	
Aria, "Ah! non aven" (Maria di Rudenz), Mr. Renwick	Donizetti.	
Serenade and Rondo Gioioso, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé	Mendelssohn.	
Variatione, "Al dolce canto," Madame Alboni	Rode.	
Overture (Oberon)	Weber.	
PART II.		
The Pastoral Symphony	Beethoven.	
Brindisi, "Il segreto" (Lucrezia Borgia), Mdme. Alboni	Donizetti.	
Overture (Il Flauto Magico)	Mozart.	

The nearest approach to novelty in this selection was the symphony of Spohr, one of the later works of that master, in which he has endeavoured to express a train of metaphysical thought that can scarcely be conveyed by music, unless it might be by the inspiration of such an exceptional genius as that of Beethoven. That great composer, however, knew the capabilities and the limits of his art better than to have applied it to the illustration of so subtle a subject as that which Spohr has chosen for his symphony—the contest of earthliness and godliness in the life of man. In the greatest example of this kind of music—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony—the sensations and impressions sought to be conveyed are more abstract and generalised, and therefore more easily communicated to the mind of the hearer, than can possibly be the case where the text is one of moral and individual application. Instrumental music, unallied to words, cannot be in itself either moral or immoral, and therefore cannot describe or express either good or bad passions. It may express or suggest the opposite conditions of calm or agitation, but whether for good or for bad must depend on the special idiosyncrasy of the hearer. In several of his later works, Spohr made the great mistake of attempting to express by music what the art is scarcely capable of expressing; and what, if it were, Spohr was one of the last composers to have succeeded in conveying. His genius, great as it was, was not dramatic. He had not the faculty of going out of his own individuality. Thus his three descriptive symphonies, the "Power of Sound," "Earthliness and Godliness," and the "Seasons," are all so many mistakes both in design and execution. By far the best of these works is the "Power of Sound," which is admirable as music considered without reference to the strained purpose which is attached to it. The symphony which has led to these remarks, "Earthliness and Godliness," was extremely well played by Dr. Wyld's excellent band—probably better than it has ever before been played in this country. The contrasts of the two orchestras, the delicacy of the smaller band of solo players, and the fulness of the larger orchestra, were admirably rendered; but the best playing could not render effective a work in which there is so much laborious straining after results that are not attainable. Spohr's really great genius appears to most advantage in those many works which he produced without a descriptive, didactic, or philosophical purpose. Schumann's overture, like most of that composer's orchestral works, wants unity of plan and coherence of design, but contains some fine passages and much masterly instrumentation. Mr. Charles Hallé's performance was characterized by his usual neatness and finish of execution, but also by that want of impulse and rhythmical power which frequently mars the effect of his otherwise perfect playing. The remaining instrumental pieces were generally well given, exception being taken, however, to the excessive speed of the scherzo of Beethoven's symphony, which was played so much too fast as scarcely to allow of the "piu Allegro" at the end. The vocal music was unworthy of the instrumental; but Madame Alboni's rich voice and finished execution would give a factitious effect to the poorest strains. Mr. Renwick, of whose previous appearance we have spoken favourably, requires a little more training before he brings himself into comparison with Italian artists. He possesses a fine voice, sings well in tune, and has capabilities which, with careful study, may place him high among English singers.

Signor Thalberg, at his second *matinée* (on Monday), was playing with all his former calm power and finished grace. The new piece which he introduced on this occasion, "Le Trille," is a study on the shake, abounding in difficulties which are made to appear easy under the omnipotent fingers of this great executive artist.

Herr Pauer's last historical performance of pianoforte music attracted as large an audience as though Signor Thalberg was not playing at the same time within a stone's throw of him. This series has been one of the most interesting events of the musical season; and Herr Pauer, great as are his talents as a player, has taken far higher rank than a mere executant, by the research and purpose which have characterized his admirable illustrative performances. On repetition, Herr Pauer would do well to reduce the number of some of his earlier specimens, and to change a few other of his examples which are not sufficiently representative for the historical purpose which they are intended to illustrate. The books containing the programmes and historical comments are full of interesting and valuable information, and should find their way into the library of every pianist.

SCIENCE.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.

MORE commonly seen and less striking in appearance, eclipses of the moon are less prominently regarded than are those solemn and awe-striking scenes which occur during the total eclipses of the sun, when the bright light of day is shut out from our eyes, and only the radiant luminosity of space preserves us from absolute darkness. There seem, too, so many more topics of investigation in solar eclipses; and while we look with astonished eyes at the sharp dark outline of the dark moon passing before the glorious orb of day, we see in the softened edges of the darkness passing over the moon only one great object passing through the shadow of another. Still, a little reflection will convince us there is much to interest in such an event. An eclipse of the moon would be an eclipse of the sun to us if we were on the surface of our satellite, and when we are contemplating the incidents presented to us by a lunar eclipse we could not do harm, and might get much interested, in mentally reversing positions and thinking what might be there the effects of a solar eclipse. This we will do presently, but first we will take the moon's total eclipse of Monday last, as it was seen by ourselves and our friends. The eclipse was predicted for 8.49 p.m. as first contact with penumbra; 9.46 p.m. as first contact with the positive shadow; middle of eclipse, 11.26 p.m.; last contact with shadow, 1.6 a.m., with penumbra, 2.3 a.m. No doubt these times were very duly kept by our satellite, but we can never be very sure because of the indefiniteness of the shadowy edge. Over the whole of Europe and Africa, the west of Asia, and the east of both Americas, it was visible. In town the night was clear, and not a cloud intervened to interfere with the vision throughout the whole duration. The only obstacles to spectators in the streets were the houses. The full moon in summer is always low, in winter it is the reverse, and the little elevation it had on this occasion was the only drawback. Gradually the shadow passed over the bright planet-mirror of our sun, and slowly the moon assumed, bit by bit, her coppery hue, until at last she hung like a huge, dull, red, glowing globe in the deep blue vault of heaven, amongst the twinkling stars. Then, bit by bit, the mirrored light of the sun was again reflected to us, first as a softened silvery crescent, then lighting up the lofty mountains, and leaping from peak to peak until the bright moon again shone forth in all her reflected brightness.

The cause of an eclipse of the moon is, of course, that in her passage round us, our globe comes in a direct line between her and the sun, and shuts out the sunlight from her. Why we do not get an eclipse of the moon every month is, that the inclination of the moon's path is different from that of the earth's path, and therefore it is only when the moon happens to be at the exact point of the intersections of the planes of the two orbits at the exact time this point of intersection happens to be directly in a line with the earth and sun, that a lunar eclipse takes place. The total solar eclipse is very rare, because the moon is a smaller body than the earth, and it is not only that when under exactly opposite conditions of the intersecting of the planes of the orbits, the moon is at the exact point, but she must also be very near the earth, for when the moon, whose distance from us varies considerably, is far away, she does not shut out all the sun's disc, but leaves a bright ring of it round herself, and presents us with an annular, and not a full, eclipse. Moreover, the shadow of the moon is small compared with the earth's, and instead of enveloping our entire mass as our earth's shadow does the moon, it moves like a great black spot over land and sea across our globe, and so it happens that only the people of certain regions see it, and sometimes that a solar eclipse may be chiefly visible on the ocean. Thus there are many combining circumstances to make solar eclipses not familiar, although really solar eclipses exceed the lunar in the proportion of three to two. But in familiar things there are many neglected wonders, and perhaps our present brief notice may give new interest to many minds when they next look at the queen of night in the hours of her obscuration. What is the reason of the moon's coppery redness? What is the reason of the softened edge of the earth's shadow? What are those gleams of bright grey light that every now and then flash across the shrouded moon? We have never thought about that, many will say; what is it? There are points of interest, then, about the lunar eclipse, and questions of deep science which it might answer. We have counted the dark lines on the sunbeams, and Gladstone and Brewster have told us some are due to air; the moon's red light might have been a scrutinizing test.

Perhaps the feature which strikes most people in lunar eclipses, is the general ruddy copper colour of the moon. We say general, because there are instances recorded, when, so to speak, she has gone quite out, become in fact quite black, if not invisible. Why does she not always do so? The reason is a simple one, but perhaps very many do not know it. Our earth has an atmosphere, and through this atmosphere the sunlight passes to the moon. If the earth had no atmosphere, its cone-like shadow would fall on the latter with a sharp black edge and cover her, when immersed, with a pall of the deepest darkness. But the light, passing through the thick ring of atmosphere round our globe, is refracted and bent down along and across the earth's shadow and lights up with a dim subdued red the eclipsed satellite. Why is the light red? Because the watery vapour in the air, and the foggy exhalations, cut off from the sunbeams in their passage through it, especially when they pass, as on Monday, through its lower stratum,

all the prismatic rays but the red. Familiarly we adopt this knowledge in the red signal-lights of our lighthouses, which are thus selected because the red rays alone will penetrate a fog. Why then have we sometimes the moon in total darkness? The ring of atmosphere round our planet is at such times like a transparent projecting wall, and if that atmosphere be clear the sun-light passes freely through. But if it be densely filled with clouds and vapours it becomes impenetrable to light, and the beams which if refracted would glow on the moon, are annihilated by our terrestrial vapours, and the moon passes unilluminated into the darkness of the earth's shadow. But while the great mass of the eclipsed moon is coppery in colour, the edge of the shadow, or the penumbra, has a greenish or bluish hue. Why is this? Green is the complementary colour of red, and hence some fancy it is an optical illusion. We would, however, suggest whether it may not be due to light reflected from our spherical shell of air. These reflections make us desirous of changing our position, and taking a mental view of celestial phenomena from the moon. Standing on Pluto, or any less elevated position there, what shall we see? In the sombre ruddy illumination the first thing striking will be that our shadows are less intense.

The moon having no atmosphere, the shadows of daylight there are black and sudden, no twilight occurs, it is the brightness of noon or the depth of night in an instant. The day-shadows fall on the ground with the rigidity of ruled lines. But as the earth's shadow passes over the face of the moon, of something like twilight goes on before. But looking up to the sun, what do we see? Not a hard, sharp, black edge, as the airless moon presents in solar eclipses to us, biting out the light-giving face of the sun; but a softened reddish edge preceded by greyish spots and dots. As we look on, and the great earth shuts out the sun from view, it is a huge dark world that hangs before us,—sixteen times larger than the mere black disc that for a moment only shuts out entirely the sun from some restricted region of our earth—and round that great dark world is a glowing, ruddy, luminous border, caused by the bent-down rays of light from our air, while our enveloping atmosphere surrounds the whole with a circle of beautiful azure light, like a crowning ring of glory. Few spectacles can be more exquisite than a total solar eclipse on the moon.

But to come back to our earth. There in the starry sky glows the coppery moon. Over her ruddy face gleam now and then quick flashes of pale silvery light. It would be curious to know if the moon possesses "phosphorescence"—or more strictly, any luminosity of her own. But those grey flashes were no phosphorescent gleams. What were they? Flashes of sunlight reflected by the higher clouds in our air. Floating high in our atmosphere the fleecy clouds illuminated by the setting or the rising sun reflect his bright rays from their under-surfaces upon the moon, and just as catching a beam of sunshine issuing from a shutter-chink in a closed apartment upon a looking-glass, the slightest motion causes long streaks of light upon the wall, so the slow sailing of the clouds in our air transforms the reflected beam of light into a silvery flash across the moon.

It would be interesting also to know what actinic power she may possess. A piece of paper exposed to sunshine will, even though it be kept in a closed vessel for months, photograph its own image in the dark. Did any photographers try the actinic power of the moon on Monday last, and make her paint the likeness of her clouded face?

Lastly, a word about investigations. There is something more than ordinary to be made out in eclipses of the sun. There are the red-flames, the nature of his light, the nature of space itself to be unriddled by his rapid teaching, his momentary unlocking of deep secrets. What can we find out by examination of eclipses of the moon? One thing at any rate, very interesting just now—the so-called atmospheric lines of the solar spectrum. Thus, if the additional lines on the solar spectrum seen at the period of the setting sun when the light has to traverse the greatest distance of the atmosphere are due to the air, those lines should be more apparent and more distinct when the sunlight traverses a still greater amount of air.

Now the light which came to us from the moon in the late eclipse would have passed through the entire horizontal thickness of the earth's atmosphere in its passage to the moon and again through its whole vertical height in coming back to the spectator, or about some 2½ times the length of atmosphere it would have to traverse at sunset. A good opportunity was therefore afforded for the spectrum-examination of air-lines. Mr. Huggins, to whom science has been lately so much indebted for his excellent examinations of the spectra of stars, had intended to have investigated this subject, but was prevented by the lowness of the moon's elevation; his telescope being fixed in an observatory of somewhat restricted dimensions there was not room enough to depress it sufficiently when the spectroscopic was attached to it. We regret to have been thus accidentally deprived of the investigations of so able an observer.

As a rolling snow-ball gathers weight in progressing, so we hope the few points we have mooted, by bringing more generally men's thoughts towards lunar eclipses, will be followed by other suggestions for practical investigations. We lose much by regarding anything as valueless because not uncommon, and the better we understand the mysteries of familiar things the more we shall enjoy their wonders, and the better we shall be fitted for the contemplation of higher and rarer phenomena.

WHAT IS PHOTOGENIC GAS?

LOOKING at the vast importance of any practical improvements in the methods of lighting our streets and houses, and the possibility of an entire revolution by the introduction of some of those new illuminating materials which recent scientific experiments have indicated, an announced discovery or invention requiring a paid up capital of £200,000 to carry it into practical operation seemed to promise us a subject of truly "sensational" interest. Perhaps it may make one still. A company on this gigantic scale, the prospectus informed us, is formed for the purpose of introducing into the United Kingdom "the Photogenic Light, equally obtainable from ordinary gas or atmospheric air by Mongreul's Patent Cold Generator." Of course the light is declared "at the same time powerful, cheap, and healthy," no prospectus would say any other; but as the light was to be seen, we went to see it. An enthusiastic contemporary had led us to suppose we were going to witness "the rich results (whatever they might be) which the ever-to-be-lamented Charles Mansfield had almost within his grasp when he met with his untimely death," and gave us a glowing and minute account of very careful experiments and of "a most gentle breath" serving as a "wick on which this most brilliant and safe light may be burnt." The true writer on science, however, requires good grounds for enthusiasm. We, too, saw some very careful experiments, far too careful to please us, because they were so carefully performed that we could not get the very information we wanted. We saw a row of gas jets, ordinary coal-gas, giving their ordinary light; we saw that light increased in brilliancy and intensity by the coal-gas being passed through a reservoir containing the so-called "photogen," and we naturally asked what "photogen" was. This we were not told. It was a secret, and too precious to be patented. Chemical patents were of no use, and although chemists might analyse it, they could not put it together as "they" did. We could not fail to recognize, however, in the experiments the ordinary process of carburation by means of some volatile hydro-carbon, and of which we have a familiar example daily before our eyes in the red pans attached to the burners on our lamp-posts. Of the "cold vapour generator" we should be inclined to speak as favourably as we should of any ordinary ingenious mechanical contrivance. It affords a very good method of carburating gas or air. But two very serious questions are involved in the "photogen" and the "generator." One question of course we cannot discuss, for until we know what photogen is, we can say nothing about it; but it is nevertheless a point for the public, which is asked to subscribe capital, to be satisfied about. What we saw it do was only what we have seen the lighter volatile products of rock-oil do many a time before. Neither are the extraction of oils volatile at the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere, nor the fact of their solubility in air novelties in science; nor are the carburation and naphthalizing of gas or air. All these have been patented long ago, and that so fully by Lowe and Mansfield, that we much doubt if any of the twenty and more subsequent patents, including M. Mongreul's, will stand—the latter especially, either in respect to the photogen or the generator. This, however, is, or may be, a question for the lawyers.

In the discussion on Dr. Paul's paper "On Destructive Distillation considered in reference to Modern Industrial Arts," read last week at the Society of Arts, the first claim for the application of carburation to increase the illuminating qualities of gas was ascribed to Charles Mansfield. It is true in his patent, Nov. 11, 1847, he claims "an improvement in the manufacture and purification of spirituous substances and oils applicable to the purposes of artificial light," &c. The invention consisted first in

"The manufacture from bituminous matters, by acting upon them at suitable temperatures, of spirituous substances, which are so volatile that a current of atmospheric air, at ordinary temperatures, passed through them, may when ignited continue to burn with a luminous flame till all, or nearly all, such substances are consumed," &c.

But we find Mansfield anticipated by fifteen years by the first patent of George Lowe, in June, 1832, which was one for

"Increasing the illuminating power of such coal-gas as is usually produced in gas-works; also for converting the refuse products from the manufacture of coal-gas into an article of commerce not heretofore produced therefrom; and also of a new mode of conducting the process of condensation in the manufacture of gas for illumination. Firstly, the illuminative power of such coal-gas as is usually produced in gas-works may be increased by impregnating such gas with naphtha, commonly called spirit of coal-tar, or with any other volatile hydro-carbonaceous liquid, by any convenient method."

His second patent, in March, 1841, is still more important. It was taken out for improved methods of supplying gas, and of improving its purity and illuminative power. In the fifth section he claims "the application and use of sponge or other suitable material, and also the use of shallow trays charged with naphtha or other volatile hydro-carbonaceous liquids for increasing the illuminative power of coal gas." Mansfield, however, seems entitled to the priority of carburating atmospheric air, for, in his third section (1847), he claims the

"application of hydro-carbons and of volatile spirituous substances to the purposes of artificial light by appropriate mixture with the vapour of other gases or vapours, videlicet—firstly, by mixture, in the manner above described, of a cement of atmospheric air or other non-inflammable gases with the vapour of spirituous substances, which are so volatile and of such a nature that a current of such air or gases, of the ordinary

temperature or slightly heated, having been passed through a reservoir containing the spirituous substances, may burn with a luminous flame, and at a distance from the reservoir, without the application of heat," &c.

In all these cases it was, as we understand, the general principle of carburation that was patented, and that irrespective and inclusive of whatever hydro-carbon was employed, or whatever substance was used to obtain an extended surface for its evaporation. It seems thence very questionable if any new volatile hydro-carbon has been obtained by M. Mongreul, of which we have no proof, whether its use for this purpose could not be restrained under those older patents.

The Mongreul Generator was patented in March of last year as "An Improved Cold Vapour Generator, which may also be used in the Carburation of Illuminating Gas." It consists of a metal, glass, and earthen vase, or chest, divided into two compartments forming two chambers, one above the other. The upper chamber is the reservoir of volatile liquid intended to feed continuously and regularly through a tube with a stop-cock and floating valve, a thin layer of the liquid spread over the bottom of the lower compartment. This lower chamber or vaporizing basin is provided with a number of vertical wicks of wool or cotton passing through the meshes or rings of two superposed metal discs, and steeped at the bottom in the sheet of liquid which rises along and up them by capillary attraction. In this way a great amount of evaporating surface is obtained, and as the air or gas passes through this chamber there is no doubt it will be evenly, perfectly, and fully saturated with the rock-oil or "photogen" vapour. The idea is very ingenious, the principle that of the common atmospheric inkstand, but it seems to us that in the eye of the law it could only be regarded as a very ingenious variation of the trays and impregnating sponge-box of Lowe's patent of 1841; with this advantage, that the air-tight upper chamber preserves the unused fluid—seemingly, but perhaps not really—from evaporation, because if there be any escape in the service-pipes, the evaporation from the wicks will go on, and the flow from the upper chamber will necessarily continue. It is, however, a careful, safe, and proper plan.

Leaving the question of patent rights, we come to that of the illuminating power of the "Photogenic Light" and its cost. The company profess to give a light from 150 to 400 per cent. increased, with a diminution in the consumption of gas of one quarter, and realizing a saving in cost of 60 per cent. In one experiment we witnessed, four gas jets were burning twelve cubic feet of coal gas per minute, the gas passing through the metre only. On connection being made with the reservoir of "photogen," the lights were increased very considerably in size, and certainly very greatly in brilliancy, while the consumption of gas was ten cubic feet. How many cubic feet of "photogen" vapour had been used to supply the deficit we were not informed; but as the Company state that one gallon of photogen is required for every thousand cubic feet of gas, we may assume that ratio; and then we should have the cost as 3s. 6d., the price at which it is stated the carburetted liquid will be sold, against 4s. 6d., the cost of a thousand feet of gas. Dr. Frankland, in his Royal Institution lecture, stated the cost of gas as cheaper than rock-oil, giving for the cost of a light equal to twenty spermaceti candles burning for ten hours, coal gas 4d., cannel gas 3d., paraffin-oil 5d., rock oil 6½d. One great advantage of the rock-oil gases is that they produce less sulphurous compounds than ordinary gas, and thus are better adapted for picture-galleries and exhibitions. Some years ago, at Madame Tussaud's, gas was replaced by oil-lamps, because the sulphurous compounds acted on the lead basis of the colouring matter of the wax figures and greatly injured them.

The whole subject, indeed, of the carburation of gas and air is one of the greatest interest, and it is surprising it has not been more widely and largely taken up. In towns and cities, gas thus impregnated will no doubt be used; but in country houses and farms the carburetted air might be introduced with the highest advantage. In the case of companies formed to work this system, it seems to us, that by reason of the numerous patents already secured, a monopoly could not be maintained; and if a monopoly could not be maintained, that company which started with a capital of £200,000 and an incubus of £50,000, payment to patentee, as the Photogenic Gas Company professes to start with, must be beaten by a company that started with £150,000 and no incubus.

There can be no doubt that the fairest recompense to an inventor is a royalty on the sale of his invention. The better the invention, the greater the profits; the greater the profits, the greater the recompense. Out of the profits it is, when other people invest their capital, that the inventor should be paid. People naturally object to give an inventor a large sum of money for his invention, there are so many contingencies against a profitable business working. If the invention be a pecuniary success the inventor ought to profit; if it be not, those who risk their money to carry it out ought not to be the sufferers by a heavy reward to the inventor of a useless invention.

The practice of paying in paid-up shares, though apparently fair on the face of it, in reality defeats the operation of this principle, and is very little different from paying in cash, because, if there be any market for such shares, they can be converted into money at once.

M. Mongreul's photogen, when the public are informed what it is, may be considered worth the £50,000; but when chemists know—so studied have the hydro-carbons been—by inference from an

accurate basis, the formulas of all those we have yet to obtain, we think it a long price for the secret of making a volatile rock-oil, which any chemist would analyze the first week he got it; even when that secret is combined with the offer of a clever tin box in two compartments for vapourizing the inscrutable and wonderful compound.

SUBTERRANEAN CHANNELS AND NATURAL PERCOLATION OF WATER.

ON the summit of the Mendip Hills there exist certain crater-like holes, either formed by nature or left as a mysterious memorial of some ancient works, to which, from their propensity to absorb and swallow up all the moisture that finds its way into them, the mountaineers of Mendip have given the euphonious name of "swallets." We are not aware whether this curious feature of the hills has ever attracted the special attention of geologists or antiquarians; but it has had the honour of raising a new legal question and furnishing a fresh link to the long and involved chain of the law of water and watercourses.

It appears that a miner of the Mendip Hills has for some time past been in the habit of allowing the refuse water of his works to flow into the swallets, a course which has resulted in the discoloration and pollution of a once clear stream that issues from the base of the hills at a point about a mile and three-quarters distant from the rocky funnels above. Hence two facts are patent—the one, that the stream derives its waters from the rain-fall received and transmitted by the swallets; the other, that the owner of the mine has for the present changed, and threatens to change permanently, a bright and sparkling rivulet into a foul and dirty one. For some little time the miner was allowed to continue his operations unmolested; but at last a certain mill-owner on the river found the water so far deteriorated as to interfere with the processes of his manufacture; and accordingly an action was brought to protect the river-right and to mulct in damages the rash miner who dared to contaminate the purity of the stream.

Our readers are doubtless aware that in cases which involve some debated or debateable point of law, the jury is usually allowed to decide upon the facts and assess the damages, while execution is stayed until the legal doubt shall be solved by a "point reserved" for the consideration of the full court in solemn conclave. In the present case such a point came before the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, and after a long, able, and learned contest conducted by Mr. Coleridge, Q.C., on one side, and Mr. Karlake, Q.C., on the other, it was decided that the miner had no right to pollute the stream in the way alleged, and that for such pollution the plaintiffs had a right of action against him.

We have little doubt that the decision of the Queen's Bench was a just one in morals and a correct one in law; but it is curious to consider it in juxtaposition with the previous decisions which now form the law of the land with regard to "percolating water." It was formerly held that if a landowner sank a large well on his own ground and thereby diminished a neighbouring stream or pond, he infringed the rights of the millers or others who were interested in the surface water. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The great Croydon and Lewisham cases have settled, for the present, at least, and probably for ever, that a man may arrest and intercept the water as it percolates the deep recesses of the soil, regardless of any effect which its abstraction may have on the time-honoured supply of adjoining proprietors. In the Croydon case, decided by the House of Lords, a pretty and useful river, the Wandle, had been robbed of half its crystal treasures by the gigantic well of the Croydon Board of Health; in the other, the Metropolitan Board of Works had cut a sewer or drain by which the lakes or ponds on a gentleman's estate at Lewisham had been effectually destroyed. The Court of Queen's Bench decided the Lewisham case on the authority of the House of Lords' decision; and although its judgment could add no additional weight of that of the Supreme Court of Appeal, it had the effect (equally important, as every lawyer knows) of pointing out how the principle of the Croydon case was to be understood, and to what classes of legal disputes it was to be applied by future generations.

There may perhaps be some doubt as to the equity of the principle thus established, and it is quite certain that it formed a plausible argument in the mouth of the miner of the Mendip Hills. "If I may dig a well and intercept some or all of the water as it percolates, and so destroy the stream altogether, am I not equally at liberty to do a more limited injury?" This is the question he puts; but the Court answers, "No, the cases show that you may intercept the water as it percolates; but as the miller has a right to a clear stream, you may not pollute that which you allow to go on." To this the miner might easily have replied, "I admit that I may not pollute the water after it has reached the surface, but it is equally certain that I might not then intercept it. The House of Lords, however, has said that I may intercept it at an earlier stage; would not the same authority allow me to pollute it at also that earlier stage?" To such an argument it would, we think, be difficult to frame a reply. We should feel inclined to retort the dilemma, and to say that natural justice forbids the abstraction quite as much as the pollution. Perhaps this may be the private opinion of some present or future judges; but the House of Lords' case is a portentous fact, and must serve as a guide for all future decisions until overruled by the House itself or neutralized by the higher authority of the Legislature.

PHOTOGRAPHERS ALOFT.

PHOTOGRAPHERS in every street—on every house-top, and photographs in every room, we were nearly adding—it needed but photographers in the skies to complete the ubiquity of those now ubiquitous operators, and the full series of likenesses of things on the earth, below the earth, and above it. Soon, from the clouds, photographers will be taking maps of British territories and foreign kingdoms, and stereoscopic views of scenes in the celestial regions will be offered for sale in our picture-shop windows. Some people predicted it could not be done; but Mr. Negretti has done it.

It does not much matter what motive induced Mr. Negretti to go up with Mr. Coxwell on Thursday last, with a dark tent, in the famous "Mammoth," but Mr. Negretti says he was deeply interested in ascertaining the possibility of taking photographic pictures in a balloon; and whether business, science, or pleasure tempted him to use the camera and hypo-sulphite bath at 4,000 feet above the earth, we, at least, are very much interested in his proceedings and their results. The special hiring of the balloon, when Mr. Coxwell had offered free passages on the occasions of his public ascents, solely for the completely and effectively carrying out his experiment, must make us accord, however, to Mr. Negretti all the honour due to a true scientific investigator; and it is but justice to himself and his firm to acknowledge how readily and ably, on all occasions when new scientific instruments have been required for scientific inquiries, the resources of their manufactory and their own practical skill and experience have been placed at the service of competent observers in furtherance of the attainment of scientific knowledge.

Ascending at noon from Sydenham, the balloon rose swiftly, but its rotation was so rapid that it would have been useless to have attempted any use of the camera. Indeed, this incessant rotatory motion, although not always so quick as in the present case, is the most troublesome and principal difficulty the aerial photographer will have to contend with. Terrestrial photographers astonish the multitude with views of horses galloping, steamers smoking along over the sea, guns firing, and other so-called instantaneous views; but as the conjurer uses a little sleight of hand to mask the manipulation of his tricks, so instantaneous photographers use a little dodgery to effect the seemingly perfect accuracy of their views of moving objects. They do not photograph a steamer as she passes by, but rather take her as she comes towards them. So the horse, if they do not take a front view as he rushes on, they take him as diagonally as they conveniently can. The flash of a gun lasts a perceptible time, the smoke for several seconds; and if the flash be not quite accurately got the picture can be easily touched up. But no one has taken a photograph from an exploding gun, or even from a moving steamer or a coach. It is a very different thing to take a photograph of a moving object from a solid base of operations and to take one of an immovable scene from a whirling and rotative base. It is no wonder, then, Mr. Negretti's assistant, when views were attempted in the elevated regions of the air, where the motion of the balloon had become steadier, reported of the pictures "moved," that is, that the edges of the objects were a little shifted, and the picture not quite sharp and true. Still we can fancy Mr. Negretti's delight, because the primary question to be solved was, whether the actinic powers of the sunbeams were as effective as in the lower regions; and, indeed, whether sunlight up there had any actinic power at all. The fact that many pictures were taken, although all reported "moved," distinctly proves that sun-pictures may be taken at from 3,000 to 4,000 feet at least, and higher no doubt when the trial is made.

As the rotatory and onward movements of the balloon cannot be stopped, to get rid of the objectionable defect the camera apparatus must be made to open and close not only with the utmost rapidity, but also without vibration, sudden jerk, or shake. The plates, in short, cannot be exposed too rapidly, too shortly, nor too quietly. These are points the mechanicians will soon overcome, and hundreds of adventurous photographers will soon no doubt follow their active pioneer, and bring down scenes innumerable from cloud-land, if not portraits of those mythical cherubs of which Dibdin sings, as sitting in invisible regions, to take care of the lives of our tars.

Mr. Negretti landed near Maidstone, and a view of the pointed poles in the hop-gardens below him in his descent would no doubt have been a suggestive and popular picture had it been taken.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

TUESDAY, 9TH JUNE.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—At 8½ P.M. 1. "Ovariectomy twice performed on the same Patient." By Mr. Spencer Wells. 2. "Induction of Premature Labour." By Dr. R. Lee. 3. "On a New Iris Forceps." By Mr. Beaumont, of Toronto. 4. "On the Calabar Bean." By Dr. Harley.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL—At 7½ P.M. "On the Science of Language." By Mr. R. S. Charnock.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Sound." By Professor Tyndall.

WEDNESDAY, 10TH JUNE.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On Leadens Objects found in London." By the late C. Ainslie, Esq. 2. "On Seals of the Bishops of Man." By Mr. Cuming. 3. "On the Jewry Wall at Leicester." By Mr. T. Wright. 4. "On Further Roman Discoveries at West Coker, Somerset."

ROYAL LITERATURE—At 8½ P.M. 1. "On a Phœnician Inscription lately Discovered in Sardinia." By M. Deutsch. 2. "On the Knowledge the Ancients possessed of the Sources of the Nile." By Mr. Vaux.

THURSDAY, 11TH JUNE.

ROYAL SOCIETY—At 8½ P.M. Croonian Lecture. "On the Coagulation of the Blood." By Professor Lister.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Geology." By Professor Ansted.

FRIDAY, 12TH JUNE.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 8 P.M. "An Account of some Researches on Radiant Heat." By Professor Tyndall.

SATURDAY, 13TH JUNE.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—At 3 P.M. "On Electric Telegraphy." By Professor W. Thomson.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adrian L'Estrange; or, Moulded out of Faults. Crown 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.
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